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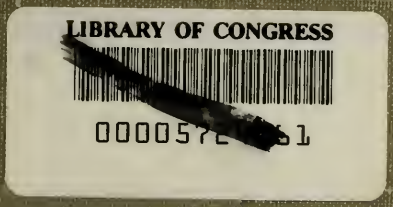

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

by

Minnie Kendall-Louther

Mount Vernon
Arlington and Woodlawn

History of these national shrines from the earliest titles of ownership to the present, with biographical sketches, portraits, and interesting reminiscences of the families, who founded them.

By Minnie Kendall-Lowther

ILLUSTRATED

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Minnie Kendall-Lowther

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No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or the evening beam, but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid, unselfish warrior; the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; and there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make pilgrimages to this shrine; and when it shall fall — if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

— Edward Everett Hale

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL

Dedicated to the Daughters
of
the American Revolution

CONTENTS

	Page
Mount Vernon	1
The Romance of Mount Vernon	15
The Wedding Takes Place	19
Birthplace Marked	23
Incidents in the Life of Washington	25
Kills His Mother's Favorite Horse	27
Braddock's Defeat and Indian Prophesy	28
Valley Forge	31
His Love for Horses	32
The Washington Ancestral Line	39
Mary, the Mother of Washington	41
Lawrence Washington	43
Other Washingtons Fall Heir	45
The Mount Vernon Association	46
Nellie Custis and Woodlawn	51
Abingdon, the Birthplace of Nellie Custis	57
Arlington National Cemetery	63
The Unknown Hero	65
History of Arlington Estate	69
John Parke Custis	70
Arlington Mansion Built	71
The Lees at Arlington	75
The Cemetery Laid Out	78
The Custis Ancestry	82

ILLUSTRATIONS

Abingdon ---- 59
Amphitheaters, both old and new ---- 67
Arlington Mansion ---- 62
Barn, gardens, and Old Tomb ---- 9
"Field of Dead" ---- 60
Fort Myer Gateway to Arlington ---- 61
Front and rear Views of Arlington Mansion as it looks to-day with portraits of George Washington Parke Custis and the Lees ---- 71
Fredericksburg, home of Mary Ball Washington and Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington ---- 38
Grave of Nellie Custis ---- 59
Graves of the Custises at Arlington ---- 75
Grouped Scenes ---- 77
Interior of Rooms ---- 6
Martha Custis Washington ---- 13
Martha Washington Gardens ---- 12
Mary Ball Washington as the "Rose of Epping Forest" ---- 37
Memorial Continental Hall ---- vi
Mount Vernon as it looks to-day with portraits of General and Mrs. Washington ---- Facing p. 1
Mount Vernon from the Air ---- Frontispiece
Nellie Custis at Eighteen ---- 49
New Tomb ---- 24
Old Lodge Gateway ---- 26
Original Mansion with portrait of Lawrence Washington x
Ruins of the First Monument to Washington ---- 36
Section of Blue and Gray ---- 79
Section of Overseas Dead where some West Virginia Boys Sleep ---- 81
Small View of Mount Vernon from the Air ---- xi
Tomb of General Meigs ---- 83
Tomb of Unknown ---- 68
Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon ---- 26
Washington-Custis Nuptial Scene ---- 19
Washington Family, including "Billy" Lee ---- 14
Washington on his knees at Valley Forge ---- 25
Woodlawn ---- 50

A Foreword

The mission of this little volume is to give as concise, correct, and connected account, as possible, of these national shrines, which are so indissolubly linked by history and romance, from the primitive days to the present; and we trust that it may prove both interesting and valuable to the many, who are seeking this history in brief form.

Our sources of information extend all the way from Parson Weems to Paul Wilstach, of the present time, including Mrs. Mary Lockwood's "Historic Homes of Washington," W. H. Snowden's "Old Historic Landmarks," newspaper accounts of the long ago, John Ball Osbourne's story of Arlington, etc. Then in order to bring much of it down to the present time, we have visited these spots and devised our own plans for securing the coveted up-to-date facts.

Confronted by conflicting statements on every hand, we have aimed to accept the most authentic in each instance; and by the aid of Washington's diary, have been able to set aside some of our own former wrong impressions, as well as those of others. For instance the much that has been written concerning the horse that General Braddock bequeathed to the Colonel in dying—according to his notation in his diary, he never saw the horse. Then the universal impression that John Washington, the emigrant married Anne Pope, he states she was Mrs. Anne Pope Brodhurst; and has verified other disputed points until we believe this little volume is as nearly correct as it is possible to make it under these circumstances.

MINNIE KENDALL-LOWTHER.

Washington, D. C., August 21, 1922.

THE ORIGINAL MOUNT VERNON AND PORTRAIT OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, THE BUILDER

Mount Vernon

The cornerstone of a country's
Liberty,
the shrine of a Nation's devotion.

By Courtesy of Government Air Service

About thy hallowed name,
we entwine this little garland
in honor of him, who was
"First in war, first in peace,
and first in the hearts of his
countrymen."

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

MOUNT VERNON AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY WITH PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MRS. WASHINGTON

Mount Vernon

THE name of Washington can never be divorced from that of Mount Vernon, yet how few of us realize its long connection, but as the visitor of to-day turns from this most significant of all National shrines, his interest is naturally awakened anew to learn more of its history; so let us turn the leaves of Time's volume backward for a glimpse of its rise from the unbroken wilderness to its wondrous beauty of to-day, and note something of the continuous association of this illustrious family and its titles to ownership.

The Doeg Indians, a tribe of the Algonquins, were the first denizens of this forest; and Captain John Smith and his little company of adventurers are supposed to have been the first pale faces to look upon this scene. But they pass out with the tide, and the natives in their wide-eyed wonder as to these strange vessels and visages, are left to possess their happy hunting-grounds undisturbed, for another quarter of a century.

In 1634, the Dove and a pinnace belonging to Leonard Calvert, the first governor of Maryland, with his two hundred colonists under the royal charter of King Charles II to his brother, Cecilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, anchored a mile above the present site of the mansion where the Piscataway joins the Potomac on the heights later crowned by Fort Washington. But the manner of the Indians was not one of hospitality, and Calvert sailed on down the river to a more secure haven and left St. Mary's on the map. Then another silence of forty years, so far as records go, fell over the upper Potomac, though there were transient nearby activities of the hunter and trapper sort among white men in the meantime,—an occasional outpost that played the role of guard on the frontier from the receding Indian. But farther down the river civilization

was on the wing. Forests were being converted into cabins and fences; clay, into brick for plantation mansions; and the dusky-face was gradually being dispossessed; but there was no clear title to this estate until the early seventies.

Charles II had, from his place of exile without throne or crown, granted all the lands between the Rappahannock and the Potomac to two of his "tricky favorites," the Earl of Arlington, and Lord Culpeper, for thirty-one years at an annual rental of forty shillings; and this grant was later withdrawn and extended on a larger scale so as to include the whole of Virginia. This seeming injustice brought on such a storm of protest as to be in a measure responsible for Bacon's rebellion; but, despite the protest, the Earl of Arlington conveyed his part of the grant to Lord Culpeper, who, in 1674, transferred five thousand acres in this wilderness to John Washington and Nicholas Spencer; and thus the title to Mount Vernon began, as did the connection of this distinguished family.

John Washington, the emigrant was the grandfather of the hero of the American Revolution, and, while he owned this tract, he never lived upon it; but he bequeathed his half of the above mentioned grant to his son, Lawrence Washington, by his will in 1677. This grant was divided in 1690, and it was then that Lawrence Washington's part of two thousand five hundred acres was designated as Hunting Creek estate. Lawrence left it to his daughter, Mildred, who became Mrs. Roger Gregory, and they transferred it by deed to her brother, Augustine Washington, on May 26, 1726; and he not only deeded it to his son, Lawrence, in 1746, but confirmed it by his will three years later.

The fact that Augustine Washington's father, in his bequest, describes this Hunting Creek estate as the land where Mrs. Eliza Minton and Mrs. Williams live, suggests that these two women were the earliest dwellers in this wilderness; but as to where their cabin stood is a question.

Augustine Washington and his wife resided here for a few years, but the exact location of their residnce is now mere conjecture. Some historians suggest near the mill,

"where the rippling branch meets the tidal Dogue creek;" others, the present site of the green house; but be this as it may, it was destroyed by fire in 1739 and there is no record of its having been rebuilt, as they then changed their place of residence to near Fredericksburg; and the building of this historic old mansion awaited the new master of the estate, Lawrence Washington.

History is indefinite as to what improvements were here when Lawrence Washington came into possession; but it is sure that the old mill and the old brick barn, which bears the date 1733, were here; and the cabins and outbuildings for the slaves are given the benefit of the doubt. But Lawrence built the mansion in 1743, and changed its name from that of Hunting Creek to Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon under whom he served against Spain. He died in 1752 leaving the estate to his younger half-brother, George Washington, whose taste and handiwork are everywhere in evidence to-day.

The Mount Vernon of To-day

IT was a perfect day in May when all Nature was just donning the bridal-robes of the early summertime that we first stood within the gates of this ideal spot, which has been the mecca of multiplied thousands of all races and all climes for more than a century.

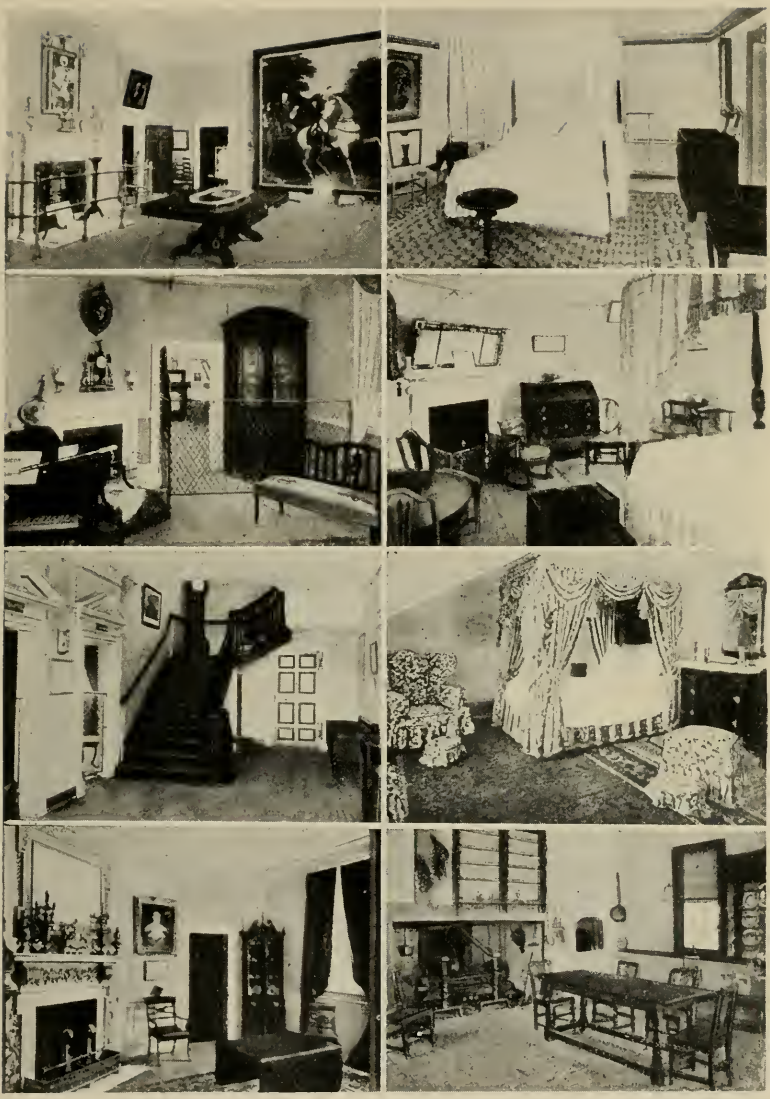
Mount Vernon! the pride of a country's heart, the shrine of a nation's devotion. How wondrously beautiful in its settings of trees, shrubs, vines, hedges, and flowers, overlooking the blue waters of the Potomac and the green Virginia hills!

After his return to civil life, General Washington spared no pains in beautifying and improving the mansion and the grounds. Many of the trees that command the admiration of the tourist of today were planted by his own hand, as he spent much time in their selection and cultivation. Near the butler's house is a magnolia that he transplanted from the James river, the last year of his life. The elm on a mound near the entrance to the grounds came from a slip from the Washington elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which was sent by Miss Alice Longfellow.

Trees from every quarter of the globe annually add their quota and interest to this marvelous collection. Shaded lawns adorn the front. Old elms, with wondrous stories, gracefully bend their branches to the breeze on each side of the walk and unite their soft murmur with that of the neighboring hemlocks. Below is a deer park of twenty acres, and in the rear are lawns, gardens, and orchards; and here and there about the grounds is a veritable villa incident to a Virginia farm of that day. On the west is a sundial, contributed by Rhode Island in 1888 to replace the one of Washington's time, which marked this same spot, and which is inscribed, "I record none but sunny hours."

The flower garden, so picturesquely quaint with its rare boxwood hedges, a century and a half old, its fragrant old-time pinks, sweet williams, roses, peonies, etc., all abloom as they were on our recent Maytime visit, brings before one's fancied vision the sweet face of the queenly woman bending over them, as she must have done in the olden days, when they were first implanted here. On each side of the main walk, the central space is occupied by a circular bed, surrounded by four oval and four triangular ones, which form a square as a whole. The Kentucky coffee-tree was placed here by the hand of Lafayette on his last visit in 1824; the four strawberry shrubs, which were named in honor of Presidents Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, were sent to Washington from Monticello by Jefferson. At the foot of the garden stands the Mary Washington rose, which Washington named in honor of his mother. Here, too, is a willow from the grave of Napoleon on St. Helena Island. In the greenhouse that occupies the rear, is a sago palm that is descended from one that was tended by Mrs. Washington, and many other rare plants and flowers bid one linger among their fragrance.

The old mansion, which has withstood the storms of more than a century and three-quarters, is made of wood cut and painted so as to resemble stone. It measures ninety by thirty feet and has two stories and an attic with dormer windows; and a cupola, with an antique weathervane, surmounts the roof. A piazza, with square pillars and a floor tiled with flags from the Isle of Wight, extends along the



Banquet Hall
Music Room
Main Hall
Family Dining-room
Room Where Washington Died
Nellie Custis' Room
Mrs. Washington's Bedroom
Mrs. Washington's Kitchen

front; and two kitchens are connected with the central building by colonnades. The main hall extends from front to back, and on the first floor is the dining-room, library, west parlor, banquet hall, music room, and Mrs. Washington's sitting-room. Lafayette's room, Nellie Custis', and the one in which General Washington spent his last hours, are on the second; and the one made sacred by the last moments of Mrs. Washington is in the attic, where several spare rooms are found.

It would be impossible to enumerate the treasures that are preserved in this wonderful collection; and everything is so perfectly systematic and in accord with the spirit of that age that should a visitor become unmindful of his hat, he is immediately asked to remove it, so pregnant is the atmosphere with the sacredness of all about it. But a few must not be omitted: One that stands out in bas relief in the hall is the wrought iron key of the Old Bastile, which was sent to General Washington by Lafayette, after the capture of this noted prison during the French revolution in 1789, along with a model of the Bastile, because "it was the principles of Washington and America that opened this hated dungeon." In the banquet room in a glass case stands the miniature model of this old prison, made from the very stone, after it had been stormed by the advocates of liberty on July 14, 1789. A facsimile of the agreement of Lafayette to serve in the American army with the rank of major-general; three of Washington's swords, with a clause of his will disposing of them to his nephews; General Braddock's sash and sword, which he presented in dying; the hunting horn of Lafayette; a wax candle that survived the siege of Yorktown; some sandstone from Valley Forge; and the cornerstone of Mount Vernon villa used by Lawrence Washington, are all of historic bearing. The harpischord imported from London as a bridal-present from General Washington for Nellie Custis at the cost of one thousand dollars, his fife and guitar, and the card table upon which he and Lafayette played whist, adorn the music room; and in the banquet hall where Nellie Custis plighted her troth on that eventful evening, is her wedding gown. The painting of Vernon's fleet, the white

enamel chair with pink brocaded satin, which came from the birthplace of Lafayette, are to be seen in the west parlor. The portrait of Lafayette, the "Bride of Mount Vernon," and other noted paintings set apart the room of Lafayette, and an old clock of that day ticks off the hours on the landing of the stairs. The rooms of Mrs. Washington and Nellie Custis are supposed to be as they were in their day, and all the rest have their own peculiar interest and beauty; but all together are over-towered by the one from which the great spirit fled on that bleak December night. It is as near intact as it is possible for it to be. The furniture is that used by him, and the bed is the one upon which he died. A large chair that his mother occupied in soothing him in infancy is also here, but the Bible from which Mrs. Washington was reading when the final moment came is now open to the visitors in another room.

The culinary art is no longer practiced in the kitchen, but this huge fireplace, with its old-fashioned crane and brick oven, the quaint china and churn, and numerous other things claim the attention and admiration. Then just outside is the old well with its iron pump surrounded by modern drinking fountains. The coach house is not far distant, and the special feature of interest here is the ancient family carriage, which is known as the "lost coach," and which was recovered by the Association in 1895. The loom house, too, with its spinning wheels and weaving outfit is a real curiosity to the present generation who comes this way, and a thousand other things bid one tarry. But despite the interest of all else, the Tomb holds the balance of power. Here the great of every nation and clime have bowed their heads in reverence, and this is truly hallowed ground.

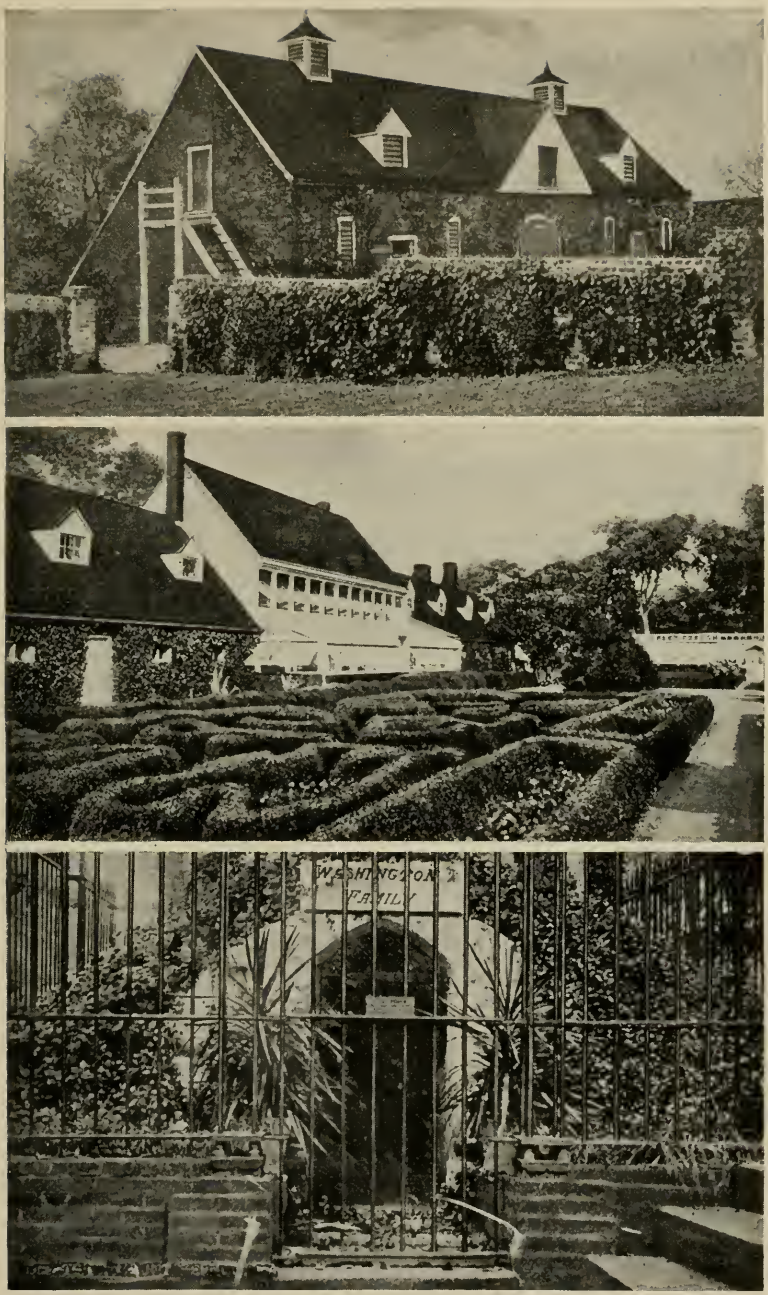
This tomb was built in 1830-31 in accord with the specifications of General Washington's will, and is a plain brick structure, with an arched gateway in front and a marble slab above, which is inscribed, "Within this enclosure rests the remains of General Washington;" and just above the door are the words of Scripture, "I am the resurrection and the life," etc. Through the open panels

of the ante-chamber door, two marble sarcophaga are visible. The one to the right bears the immortal name of Washington, and is simply adorned with the chiseled coat-of-arms of the United States and a draped flag. The other is inscribed "Martha, Consort of Washington," with the usual dates. Immortelles from potentates and lovers of liberty from every corner of the earth are in evidence here. Among them is one from Marshal Joffre, bearing the date of his first visit in 1917; the Prince of Wales, King Albert of Belgium, etc. Pilgrimages of the great and small from almost every clime under the sun, are daily recorded, and the perishable wreathes upon the tomb are thus continually refreshed.

Among the more recent ones of unusual moment was the annual pilgrimage of the National Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who were here two thousand strong on Thursday afternoon, April 30, 1922, and laid their tributes down with the following beautiful words from Mrs. George Maynard Minor, the president-general:

"Reverently we bring this tribute of a grateful people to this most sacred shrine of the nation. To Washington we bring this tribute of a memory that can never die. We, the descendants of the men of his devoted army, bring tribute to one whose sole descendant was his country. What more can we say of him than his country has already said? The years have each added their eulogies,—their praise to one, who was beyond and above all praise."

Few more impressive scenes have been enacted at this shrine, since the memorable visit of Lafayette: for the Daughters were joined here by France's own Marshal Joffre, who was just concluding his second visit to America, and Ambassador and Mme. J. J. Jusserand; and Great Britain was represented by Major-General Bethell, attache of the British embassy. Marshal Joffre planted a tree from La Grange, the home of Lafayette; and the Britisher, one from Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons in England. Both were accepted by Mrs. Minor, who in turn presented them to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.



Barn, Gardens, and Old Tomb

Mrs. Minor, in accepting the tree from France, said it deeply touched her, and continued, "America will forever honor the memory of Lafayette. His was a gallant soul with far-reaching vision. His was a nature that responded fervently to the call of human liberty. His must have been a character of high nobility to have won the friendship of such a man as Washington. It is most fitting that this tree should be planted and take root in the soil of Washington's loved home where many times, he must have welcomed his trusted friend and officer, Lafayette. It will ever typify the deepening roots of friendship between this country and France."

The Old Tomb, though deserted, still holds a fascination for the visitor; and it seems opportune to here enshrine the memorable visit of Lafayette with its impressive incidents, in 1824, which has been so graphically described by George Washington Parke Custis, who accompanied him.

It was on October 17 that this pilgrimage was made—that the noble Frenchman bowed at this shrine for the first and last time. When the vault was reached, Mr. Custis presented him with a ring, which contained a lock of the General's hair. This ring was of solid gold and perfectly plain in design, and was beautifully engraved on the inner surface, with the following inscription:

Lafayette
1777
Pre nevi erbis liberate
decerbatat Juvenis
stabilitan Senex
Invenit
1824

On the face surrounding the hair were the words "Pater Patriae," and on another side "Mount Vernon." In making the presentation, he spoke in part thus: "Last of the Generals of the Army of Independence, at this awful and impressive moment when forgetting the splendor of a triumph greater than the Roman Consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the Child

of Mount Vernon presents you with this token containing the hair of him, while living you loved, and to whose honored grave you now pay this manly and affectionate tribute of a patriot and soldier's tear."

Lafayette was overcome with emotion for a moment, pressed the ring to his bosom, and said: "The feelings, which at this awful moment oppress my heart do not leave the power of utterance; I can only thank you! my dear Custis, for your priceless gift, and pay silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and best of men—my paternal friend." At this he affectionately embraced the donor and other gentlemen present, and with tears streaming down his furrowed face, pressed his lips to the door of the vault, descended the steps and kissed the leaden cells, which held the sacred dust of his great Chieftain, and his beloved wife; and turning away completely overcome, he took his departure from these shores forever. The vessel which carried him proceeded to Yorktown, while martial music did honor to the occasion. Mr. Custis says, "Nothing occurred to disturb the reverential solemnity of this leave-taking at the tomb. Not a soul intruded. The old oaks which grew round the sepulchre, touched with the mellow luster of autumn appeared as rich and ripe as the autumnal honors of Lafayette. Not a murmur was heard save the strains of solemn music and the deep measured sound of artillery, which woke the echoes around the hallowed heights of Mount Vernon.

" 'Tis done! the greatest, the most affecting scene of the grand drama has closed, and the pilgrim who now repairs to the tomb of the 'Father of his Country,' will find its laurels moistened by the tears of Lafayette."

His son, G. W. Lafayette, and Lawrence Lewis were members of this party, and Mr. Custis divided the Cincinnatus ribbon that had borne the ring among the gentlemen present. Lafayette's great-grandson stood here with Marshal Joffre on his first visit.

Leet Bros.

THE GARDENS AT MOUNT VERNON

Interesting Romance
and
Bride of Mount Vernon

MARTHA CUSTIS WASHINGTON

"In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine night and day;
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine."

—Longfellow

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

The Romance of Mount Vernon

IT is difficult to realize the true associations of General Washington with this place; but when we remember that these beautiful old hills reverberated almost the first sounds that fell from his childish lips; that here were the favorite haunts of his boyhood and his early youthful dreams; that here he fished, hunted, swam, studied surveying, wrote his "Rules of Conduct," and experienced his first encounter with Cupid, we can better understand the tie that bound him to this sacred spot, with the added joys and sorrows of his maturer years, which are more familiar to the most of us.

It was in 1752 upon the death of his elder half-brother, Lawrence Washington, with whom he had spent much time here, that he fell heir to the estate. Then came his dream of finding a suitable mistress for such a heritage, and his full realization that the "course of true love does not always run smooth."

One would hardly suspect that a truly sentimental nature lay concealed beneath a grave and dignified exterior that had awed even potentates into silence in its presence; but his early diaries are filled with confidences not foreign to the modern "Sentimental Tommy" which bear strong testimony to his ardent admiration for the fair sex; and to the disappointments and heartaches attendant upon his unsuccessful youthful conquests, as he did not seem to be a favorite with the belles of his association; and it is recorded that he possessed an innate timidity that followed him down to old age, and added to his seeming gravity.

He seems to have first fallen for the charms of Miss Sallie Fairfax, who, despite the persistency of his wooing, married another in the person of Major John Carlyle, of Alexandria. One of his biographers says that he greatly admired Miss Mary Carey, the sister of Mrs. George Fairfax, but her father, not being able to foretell the future,

separated them by his objections; and that young Washington never saw her again until he bowed to her pale and fainting visage at a window at the old capitol at Williamsburg when he passed through in triumph as the conqueror of Lord Cornwallis. But his diaries and letters to the contrary prove this to be fiction. In a letter to a friend in 1748, while he was out on a surveying tour, he speaks of this Miss Carey and states that he might spend the time pleasantly with her were his heart disengaged, and says, "But as that is only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy; for by often and unavoidably being in her company, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty, whereas, were I to live more in retirement from young women, I might in some measure eliminate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of eternal forgetfulness." He further speaks of his hopelessness in winning out. Sallie Fairfax was the "Lowland Beauty" and her image was so indelibly written upon his heart that he carried it down to old age in a sacred friendship. He was scarcely sixteen when he encountered this experience. Then a strong attachment for the fair Betsey Fauntleroy sprang up; and in one of his letters to her father, he frankly expresses the hope that this young lady will revoke her "cruel sentence," and notes that he encloses a letter to her. But the haughty Betsey's decision seemed irrevocable, and she married a common planter and lived to regret it. However, this was an opportune time for the Young Lochinvar to accept a commission from Governor Dinwiddie and bear his protest to the encroaching French on the western frontier of the Ohio; and for the next two years Mount Vernon had but little charm for him, and he passed it by as he went to Fredericksburg to visit his mother. Then his attachment for Miss Mary Philipse is a matter of both history and tradition, but Captain Morris, his associate aide-de-camp in the Monongahela engagement, won her hand and heart.

However, despite these disappointing attachments, there came a time when the Fates looked down and smiled; and he proved himself to be so ardent a wooer that the field was not open to rivals for long, and his affections were not given in vain.

One bright morning in 1758, a young officer in military undress, accompanied by a body-servant of military bearing, in crossing the William's Ferry of Pamunkey creek, a branch of York river, encountered one Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain he had just landed, who besieged him to stop and partake of the hospitalities of his home, as he was too well-known to pass by without attentions. This young officer pleaded pressing duties and want of time until Mr. Chamberlayne intimated that a charming young widow chanced to be under his roof at that moment. At this the young soldier yielded, though agreeing only to dine, as he could then by pressing his charger and borrowing from the night, reach Williamsburg before his excellency, the Governor, with whom he had important business, would be aroused from his slumbers.

Thomas Bishop, the faithful body-servant that General Braddock had bequeathed to this young officer in dying, was with him on this occasion; so turning the charger over to Bishop, who tacitly lifted his cap as a pledge of implicit obedience to orders, the young soldier proceeded to the mansion, where he came face to face with the "charming widow" who was destined to rule over his heart from that moment until his eyes were closed in death; and, unlike the earlier romances, it was mutual impressions—Cupid had at last played him fair. Colonel Washington had met his fate.

Martha Dandridge Custis was young, beautiful, and fascinating with plenty of this world's goods; and he was fresh from his early fields of military fame,—all that a woman could ask of honor and manliness, and it was small wonder that decisions were quickly made; that the man, who was noted for his perfect promptness, should, in his fascination, forget the prancing charger and the faithful servant, his engagement with the Governor; and linger on and on all unconscious of passing time. Day declined, the sun dropped behind the Western horizon, and still the faithful Bishop waited and marveled at his Chief's delay. "'Tis passing strange, this man noted for his promptness, never wont to be a moment behind his appointments, what could it mean?" he soliloquized. In the meantime, the solicitous host observing the waiting veteran at the gate with no small degree of amusement, as to the effect of his

invitation, prevailed upon his guest to remain over night,—saying that no visitor ever left his home after sunset. To this, the Colonel assented, and the weary servant was ordered to put the horses up for the night to his great relief; and the sun was high in the heavens, the following morning, before the enamored soldier rode away to dispatch his "urgent" business at the executive mansion. This done, he immediately retraced his steps to the "White House," as Mrs. Custis' home was known, where the engagement took place, with immediate preparations for the marriage, which followed in January.

Martha Dandridge was descended from an ancient and honored Welsh family, who crossed to the Virginia colony, at an early day. She was born in Kent county in May, 1732, the same year that gave Washington birth, and grew up with few educational advantages beyond those of a domestic character. But nature had endowed her with unusual personal charm and grace, and she was a reigning belle at the Williamsburg Royal court. Few women have been destined to figure in a greater human drama than the one that awaited her maturer years.

At the age of seventeen, she gave her heart and hand in marriage to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, who was twenty years her senior; it being a true, mutual love affair. The father of the bridegroom, the Honorable John Custis, of Arlington, had ambitions for a union between his only son and Evelyn Byrd, his cousin, but finally realizing that the beautiful Miss Dandridge had effaced all other images from the heart of his son, he reluctantly gave his consent, and the marriage took place at her parental home in 1749. Here on the banks of the Pamunky at the "White House" they founded their home and Colonel Custis became a successful planter. They were the parents of four children. One daughter died in infancy; Daniel, a promising boy, in childhood; and Martha and John Parke Custis reached young woman and manhood.

Mr. Custis did not long survive the blow of Daniel's death, and Mrs. Custis found herself one of the wealthiest young widows in the colony. Besides extensive and valuable landed estates, she had thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Thus we find Mrs. Custis again a belle with many suitors, when the future "Father of his Country" enters upon the scene.

The Wedding Takes Place

The Washington-Custis wedding took place on January 6, 1759, and while it has ever been a question with historians as to where, circumstances point more strongly to the church. However, the ceremony was solemnized by the Reverend Mr. Mossor, who had spoken the fateful words for the bride at her former marriage, and the nuptials were attended with gaiety and revelry. The good, the great, the gifted and the fair made up the throng of that most momentuous occasion. It is said that no Colonial bridegroom ever graced a wedding with more stately dignity than did Colonel Washington, who stood six feet two inches, with a somewhat tapering figure, and an avoirdupois of one hundred seventy-five pounds. He wore a suit of blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and a waistcoat of white satin, embroidered, and buckles of gold adorned his garters and

Washington-Custis Nuptial Scene

his shoes. His hair was powdered, as was the custom of the day, and at his side hung a straight dress sword.

The bride, who did not reach above his shoulders, presented a charming appearance in a handsome gown of heavy white silk shot with silver, imported from England, with ornaments of pearl in her hair and ears, and white satin slippers with diamonds in the buckles. She was attended by three beautiful bridesmaids; and among the witnesses to the ceremony was Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, of Virginia, brilliant in uniform of scarlet and gold, a bag-wig and dress sword. He was surrounded by a group of English officers, who were scarcely less brilliant in their trappings, and by members of the legislature and noted civilians.

The bride entered a coach, which was gay with the red and white colors of Mr. Washington, and which was drawn by six horses under the direction of black postilions in livery. The bridegroom, mounted upon his richly caparisoned charger, closely followed by a cortege of gentlemen on horseback, rode by the side of the coach.

After the nuptials, they spent the remainder of the winter at one or the other of Mrs. Washington's homes, and in the springtime settled down at Mount Vernon where Fate decreed they should remain. Though so often called to patriotic service, he ever returned to this home with increasing love for the place. It was then small in comparison with today, but this humble roof covered happy hearts.

Mrs. Washington proved herself to be a most practical and thorough-going housewife, as she was endowed with the same methodical routine that characterized her husband. Both knew how to work about the house and the plantation, and still uphold their social prestige; and their hearthstone was nearly always thronged with guests. It was his custom, after a breakfast of Indian cakes, honey, tea or coffee, to ride over the plantation, while Mrs. Washington retired to her room to read her Bible, meditate, and pray before her daily rounds to her garden. She dressed quite plain about her home, but she knew well how to wear gay costumes on state occasions, and with her husband frequently attended balls and parties at Alexandria, Williamsburg, and Annapolis, for she was fond of the dance. Long

after the nuptials, he wrote, "I have always considered marriage the most interesting event of one's life,—the foundation of one's happiness or misery." And his "Dear Patsey" seemed to fulfill his fondest dream of connubial bliss.

Mrs. Washington's two children, Martha and John Parke, went to live with them, and in Mr. Washington found a true father. Martha, who was known as the "dark lady" in her brunette beauty, was never strong and the first great shadow fell over Mount Vernon when consumption carried her away at the age of seventeen. She was so attached to her new father that she left her entire fortune in money to him. The story of "Jack" as he was best known, who died shortly after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, is included in a later chapter. But it was his two children, Nellie and George Washington Parke Custis, who became later children of Mount Vernon, as General Washington adopted them at the deathbed of their father. Nellie was the joy and pride of his heart, and, of all men, he was her hero. And George Washington Parke Custis has beautifully enshrined his memory in a well-written and priceless volume. Both remained here until the home was broken up and then carried with them to life's last hour its precious memories.

General Washington died on the night of December 14, 1799, after a few days' illness from a cold contracted while about the plantation in the rain. He seemed to have a presentiment that this was the end; had remained up so late the night before that Mrs. Washington, growing uneasy, chided him when he did at last come to his room. He replied, "I came just as soon as business was accomplished." The next night proved to be his last. As the watchers drew nearer his couch in their anxiety for the slightest ray of hope, he said but little, though admitted to an old servant that he was very ill. But to Dr. Craik, his earliest companion-in-arms and bosom friend, he said, "I am dying, sir, but am not afraid to die." He requested Mrs. Washington to go to his desk and bring him two papers. She obeyed, and he said, "These are my wills,—preserve this one and burn the other." He then requested that his body be kept

the usual three days, inquired the time, which wanted but a few minutes of ten o'clock, and spoke no more. So quietly did he steal away that those about him scarcely knew when the struggle was ended. Dr. Craik closed his eyes, and Mrs. Washington, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, calmly asked, "Is he gone?" and when assured in the affirmative, she added in the same quiet tone, " 'Tis well! all is over, I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through," for death had already robbed her of all her immediate family.

He died on Saturday night and the casket was procured at Alexandria on the following day. It was of mahogany lined with lead. At the head was an ornament inscribed, "Surge Ad Judicium;" near the middle was "Gloria Deo," and on a small silver plate in the form of the American shield were the words:

"George Washington
Born February 22, 1732,
Died December 14, 1799."

The funeral took place at noon on Wednesday the eighteenth, and was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. His horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms, was in the large procession, which followed the casket to the Old Tomb which had been built at his command some years before. The rites of the church, the Masonic service, and the military, with its firing of musketry and artillery, paid their united tribute to the entombed commander. The Reverend Mr. Davis of the Protestant Episcopal church read the ritualistic service.

After his death, in accord with the custom to close the death chamber for three years, Mrs. Washington occupied the attic room where she could look out upon his grave from the dormer window, and here she spent her last hours on May 22, 1802.

She rested by his side in the Old Tomb until 1831 when both were removed to the new, after ghouls had attempted to steal his skull.

During the winter of 1832, Congress made a second effort to have the General's remains removed to the crypt

at the Capitol, which had been originally designed for its sepulchre. Mrs. Washington had granted that his remains might be interred in a National tomb on the condition that her's rest beside him. Plans for two crypts were talked of at the Capitol, where a "keeper of the Crypt" was on duty at an annual salary of $2,500, until President Lincoln abolished the office. The plan failed, and the heroic women saved Mount Vernon for all time, we trust.

Birthplace Marked

In June, 1815, George Washington Parke Custis, who has planted so many sweet Forget-Me-Nots to the memory of his Pater in the garden of history, placed a marker at his birthplace.

He, accompanied by Lawrence Lewis and Mr. Grimes, sailed on his own vessel, "The Lady of the Lake," a fine topsail schooner of ninety tons, for Pope Creek in the county of Westmoreland, carrying with him the slab of freestone, which was inscribed as follows:

"Here, the 11th of February (old style), 1732, George Washington was born."

The site was marked by a few scattered bricks from an ancient chimney, which had once formed the hearthstone about which his infant feet played. From these they constructed a rude sort of pedestal, and with the stone enveloped in the "Star-Spangled Banner," placed it upon it. Then fired a salute with a piece of cannon as they sailed away from the reverberating echoes that they had awakened.

Tomb at Mount Vernon

Noted Incidents in the Life of "The Father of His Country."

WASHINGTON ON HIS KNEES AT VALLEY FORGE

"My brave fellows, let no sense of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzahing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzzah for us."

—Immortal Words at Yorktown.

By Courtesy of Washington-Virginia Railway Co.

THE OLD LODGE GATEWAY TO MOUNT VERNON

By Perry Picture Co.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON

Incidents in the Life of Washington

IT IS interesting to review the familiar incidents in the life of General Washington and to note the variations of the different historians, but the versions given here come from authentic sources:

Few historians deal with the pretty fairy-like tale of the hatchet and the cherry-tree, as this seems to belong to Parson Weems alone, who had pastoral connections with the family, and who tells it upon the credit of a woman, after the death of Mr. Washington. However let us handle this little favorite of the kindergarten with jealous care lest we touch its credence: for it is clever, as well as inspiring; its diction and moral are good, and it has been delightfully enshrined in one little poem that we recall, so we leave it with all it means to Parson Weems, who also relates the story of little George's excitement when he saw his name growing in the garden, where his father had planted it; and it is possible that this incident occurred at Mount Vernon, as the parents lived there at a time when the early impressions were being made upon the son. But the dear Parson has such an extravagant style all his own that one almost holds one's breath as he paints the angelic character of his hero, lest he turn pale and vanish as the good little children were wont to do in our Sunday school stories of yesterday.

Kills His Mother's Favorite Horse

Another story, which is not a myth, which sets forth his truthfulness in early youth, and which is told by Mr. Custis, is that of the tragic fate of his mother's favorite young horse:

This spirited, blooded sorrel, which promised to be as famous as the horse "that the brutal emperor raised to the dignity of consul," was the very apple of her eye; but possessed a fierce, ungovernable nature that resisted all effort toward subjection by the rein, and had reached full

stature without a rider. On one occasion when boyish visitors were in the house, the future conqueror of Lord Cornwallis, suggested that he would tame this "terror of the parish" if they would lend assistance in bridling him. With mutual consent, the lads set about their task early the following morning, decoying the animal into an enclosure where the bit was forced into his mouth. The daring youth then sprang to his back, while the tackle was being removed, and the battle began. He at first attempted to fly, as if unconscious of his burden; but feeling the power of a strong arm which "might have tamed his Arab grandsire in his wild career on the deserts," the struggle became terrific to the consternation of the spectators. But the youthful hero clung on tenaciously, and for a moment the conflict seemed to abate, but, the infuriated steed summoning all force for one final effort for freedom, made a mighty plunge, burst his heart and fell dead, while the rider escaped uninjured. The youthful group stood aghast! "What was to be done!" had scarcely escaped their astonished lips when breakfast was announced; and no sooner had they taken their places about the table than the mother said, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire." Silence and consternation followed, while the question was repeated. Then, rising to the situation, the son replied, "Your favorite, the sorrel, is dead, Madam." "Dead!" she exclaimed, "why, how did this happen?" The story was correctly told. The color mounted to her face for a moment, but presently she serenely said, "It is well, but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

Braddock's Defeat and the Indian Prophesy

Every schoolboy and girl remembers the fascinating story of General Braddock's defeat. How the haughty Britisher scorned the young Colonel when he warned him of the danger of savage warfare by saying, "Things have come to a strange pass when a young Virginian attempts to teach the King's regulars how to fight!"

Along with General Braddock came his servant, Thomas Bishop, who had attended him throughout the seven years' war on the Continent, and who was present when Colonel Washington entreated him for the last time to let him advance the Virginia woodmen and the friendly Indians, as they better understood the treachery of savage warfare, and he would not listen.

Colonel Washington had risen from a sickbed for this occasion, and after the General had instructed his old servant to keep an eye open to aid him, the battle was on. Sixty-four British officers were killed and wounded, and Washington was the only mounted officer left on the field, and he had two horses shot under him, four bullets passed through his clothes, and two pierced his hat. Braddock had five horses killed under him before he fell mortally wounded.

Washington made his way to the side of the dying commander who was "raging like a lion," though in the very jaws of death, and still breathing defiance to the foe, while resting in Bishop's arms. He grasped the young Virginian's hand, and exclaimed, "Oh! my dear Colonel, had I been governed by your advice, it would never have come to this!" He then advised Bishop to remain in America and go into the service of Washington, saying, "Be but as faithful to him as you have been to me, and rely upon it the remainder of your days will be prosperous and happy." He left his sword and horse to Colonel Washington, and despite the much that has been written about that famous horse, according to Washington's diary, he never saw the horse,—it was not delivered.

However, at midnight, on that memorable July 9, 1755, Colonel Washington was called upon to read the impressive Anglican burial service by torch light over the grave of General Braddock, which was made in the middle of the road that the army in marching might destroy all traces of it from the Indians.

A Mysterious Visitor

Sixteen years after the defeat of General Braddock, while Colonel Washington and Dr. James Craik were on their way with a considerable party to the Kanawha to explore the country and make surveys, they camped in a remote region, which is now embraced in Kanawha, Mason, Jackson and Cabell counties, West Virginia. In his diary he notes that his horse being unable to proceed farther, he left him at the home of his brother, Samuel Washington on Worthington marsh, got one in his stead and proceeded to Samuel Pritchard's on Cacapehon.

One day, while resting here in his rustic camp so abundantly surrounded by game of every kind, a party of Indians, led by a trader, were discovered. There was no sign of hostility, as peace seemed to brood over the country just then and they paused a short distance away, while the interpreter advanced and stated that he was conducting a party, which consisted of a grand sachem, and some attendant warriors; that the chief was a very great man among the northwestern tribes, and the same one that had commanded the Indians at Braddock's defeat; that he had heard of Colonel Washington's visit to the western country, and had come on a mission that he, himself, would disclose.

In accord with his usual courtesy, Colonel Washington received the ambassador, and as soon as the camp could be set in order, the strangers were introduced. The sachem at once recognized the hero of Monongahela among the group, though the intervening years had made some changes since he saw him in the midst of the fight on that eventful day, and fired seventeen shots at him without avail.

The Indian was lofty in stature, and dignified in bearing, and he quietly displayed the most reverential deference while the salutations went round among the rest; but it was in vain that the Colonel extended his hand to him; the Indian drew back with awe, refused spirits, tobacco, which Washington despised, and every other proffered courtesy. The festal board was surrounded, and Washington seated the Chief at his side and bountifully helped his plate, but he touched it not to the amazement and wonder of the

company. Intense anxiety over such extraordinary actions became apparent in the atmosphere; but finally the council fire was kindled, and the Chief broke the silence with the following explanation:

"I am elder and ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes and to the far blue mountains. I have traveled a long and weary path that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day when the white man's blood mixed with the streams of the forest that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men and said, 'mark you that tall daring warrior? He is not of the Redcoat tribe; he has an Indian's wisdom and his warriors fight as we do,—himself alone is exposed. Quick let your aim.' Our rifles were leveled,—rifles, which, but for him, knew not how to miss,—'twas all in vain; a power, mightier by far than we, shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers in the land of the shades; but ere I go, there is something bids me speak in the voice of prophesy. Listen! the Great Spirit protects that man and guides his destinies; he will become the chief of nations; and a people yet unborn, will hail him the founder of a mighty empire." The savage ceased speaking at this. His oracle delivered, his prophetic mission fulfilled, he retired to muse in silence upon "that wonder-working Spirit, which his untutored mind so often saw in clouds and heard in winds."

At nightfall, these dusky-faced visitors spread their blankets and were soon lost in slumber, and at early dawn they bade their hosts adieu, "folded their tents, and quietly stole away" toward the distant haunts of their tribes.

This mysterious visit left its impress upon all; but Dr. Craik carried it throughout the Revolution, and it many times served to dispel his fears when dangers surrounded, so firmly did he believe in this prophesy, which he handed down to Mr. Custis, who has thus preserved it.

Valley Forge

Someone has declared that General Washington on his knees at Valley Forge is "the sublimest figure in all his-

tory." This place took its name from iron-works that had been erected there by one Isaac Potts, and it must ever live in history for the part it played in our struggle for independence; for in the language of another, "The courage of the battlefield dwindles almost into insignificance in comparison with the heroism displayed in the soldiery at Valley Forge in the midst of frost, snow, disease, and destitution, with their bloody tracks upon the ground."

Here Lafayette and the French entered in, and Baron Von Steuben began his training and discipline of the troops, which had such a telling effect on the later campaigns. It was here, too, that Mr. Potts, one morning, heard a voice in prayer from a secluded woody nook, and going softly in that direction, saw the great General upon his knees, with his face bathed in tears, pleading for the cause of liberty, at the throne of the Great Commander. Returning to the house he told his wife what he had seen, and assured her that liberty under such a leader was certain. Mrs. Washington spent some time with him here, where they were quartered in an old log house owing to the severity of the weather. Her arrival at camp was always a great event—a sort of epoch in the army to have her cheery presence in the midst of the gloom. She always remained until the opening of the campaign; and in after life was often heard to remark that it had been her fortune to hear the first and last cannon of all the campaigns during the Revolution. It was a heavy blow to have her only son make the supreme sacrifice at the moment of triumph for the cause of freedom.

His Love for Horses

Washington's love for horses went with him through life. The stables at Mount Vernon consisted of ten coach and saddle horses, and of two white chargers, a coachman, and two groomsmen.

Prescott, a fine parade horse of pure white, sixteen hands in height, was the one the General usually rode. Jackson, another favorite, was a superb creature of white with flowing mane and tail. He took his name from Major Jackson, aid-de-camp of President Washington, who figured in a runaway incident, at Princeton in 1790 while the

Presidential party was en route from New York to Philadelphia, to the great discomfiture of Major Jackson, and to the intense amusement of the brilliant cavalry cortege in attendance. Among the coach horses at Mount Vernon was a beautiful span of bays, which had been bred on this estate, and which drew the coach for Mrs. Washington on her visits to Philadelphia.

Nelson, the General's favorite charger, which he rode on the day of the surrender at Yorktown, was a light sorrel, sixteen hands high with white face and legs, noted as the first nicked horse to come to America. This famous charger died at Mount Vernon many years after the Revolution, but was never ridden after the Chief ceased to mount him. He spent his summers in paddock, and was well-cared for in winter; would always run to the fence at the approach of his master to receive the coveted caress!

The General was fond of all kinds of sports, but, in 1785 when he bade adieu to the chase, he broke up his kennel, giving his beloved hounds away. He then formed the deer park below the mansion extending to the river, which he first stocked with native deer; then added the English fallow from the park of Governor Ogle of Maryland. But he would not permit one of them to be killed until he was convinced that the poachers were preying upon his herd. And then it had to be done according to strict, humane orders; and he appeared upon the scene in time to be assured that these orders had been obeyed. The following day the haunch was served in the family dining-room to a number of guests; and the antlers of this noted buck were preserved under the label of the "Washington stag." He wrote in his diary at one time: "We have one hundred and one cows, and I have to buy butter for the family."

Other Incidents

It was Henry Lee who immortalized himself by characterizing General Washington as "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But it was the General himself who left these memorable words on record at Yorktown: "My brave fellows, let no sense

of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzahing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us." Lafayette in speaking of him at Monmouth, says: "I was a very young major-general on the day of the battle of Monmouth, but thought that I had never seen so superb a man, when he with his steed covered with foam, rallied our line with the words, "Stand fast my boys, and receive your enemy; the Southern troops are advancing to support you." Lafayette also leaves this record: "I never saw so large a hand on any human being as the General's." According to an authentic record, General Washington's hair was of hazel brown, and his eyes light greyish blue, and he stood six feet two inches—just six feet when measured for the grave.

On one occasion, it was boasted at the table of the British governor in New York that a regiment, which had just landed from England included some of the finest specimen of martial elegance in his Majesty's service,—in fact the most superb-looking fellows that had ever been landed upon the shores of the Western world. An American woman wagered that she could point out a finer specimen in the procession on the morrow. So as the line passed through Broadway before the Governor, he called attention to several officers by name, claiming her admiration for their superiority. In the rear came a band of Colonial officers, not on duty. Presently the Governor's eyes became riveted upon a tall, martial figure. The lady noticed that his attention was turned on the right object and said, "What say you as to your wager now?" He replied, "Lost, Madam, when I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

Cully, the old family servant who had lived to see five generations, in his hundredth year when questioned concerning his memories of Washington replied, "Great times, great times, sir. Shall never see the like again. Never the like of him, though I have seen many in my day. So tall, so straight; then he sat a horse and rode with such

an air! Ah! sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen in their gold lace were at the wedding, but none looked like the man himself."

As master of servants, General Washington was consistent and kind. An interesting reminiscence of his huntsman and Revolutionary attendant, Billy, has been preserved —"Billy" Lee, who was especially provided for and survived his good master by many years. He had been a stout, active man, a famous horseman, but some accident rendered him a cripple for a number of years before his death at a ripe old age. This superannuated follower of the Chief in the chase and in war was very interesting to the visitors at Mount Vernon and his coffers were oftentimes enriched by them. General Washington left to Billy a house and a pension of one hundred and fifty dollars the year, and he became a "spoiled child of fortune;" was inclined toward intemperance, and finally delirium tremens in all its horror seized him, and he was relieved by being bled; but one morning when Westford, an old mulatto, was sent to thus bring him out of a fit, the blood refused to flow. Billy was no more.

General Washington preserved the following gem in his diary, as a quotation from Colonel Tilghman, the noted Marylander, who announced the fall of Yorktown at Philadelphia: "When a man has to look back upon his ancestors to make sure he is a gentleman, he is but a poor sort of man."

National Photo Co.

RUINS OF FIRST MONUMENT ERECTED TO GENERAL WASHINGTON. TRIBUTE OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS WHICH CROWNS THE TOP OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN, NEAR FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

Sacred to the Memory
of the
Women who Saved This Shrine

Mary Ball Washington as the "Rose of Epping Forest"

'Tis only noble to be good
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

From Painting by Lowell

THE HOME OF MARY BALL WASHINGTON AT FREDERICKSBURG AND WAKEFIELD, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON

The Washington Ancestral Line

THE Washingtons trace their ancestry through the family of Sulgrave manor, Northamptonshire, to John Washington, of Lancaster. After him the line is clear and authentic, before him mere conjecture.

The name comes from de Wessynton or Wessynton without the de; then Wasshington and Washington as it appears as the name of a parish in county Durham in England at an early day.

John Washington, of Warton, had a son, Lawrence, the grantee of Sulgrave, and this name, like the father's, had been handed down not infrequently before reaching Mount Vernon. On the tomb of this Lawrence in the church at Sulgrave is found engraved the family coat-of-arms; and the three-spur rowels above the red bars on a field of white, which appeared as early as 1360 in the seal of William de Wessyngton, is said to have suggested the stars and stripes of our flag.

Lawrence, meeting with reverses, was compelled to give up his manor house, and, in 1606, Lord Spencer, his good friend and neighbor, built him a home in the village of Little Brighton, where he spent the remainder of his life. "Washington House," as it has been known and pointed out to pilgrims for centuries, was later occupied by Lawrence's brother, Robert, and his family. Lawrence's widow, however, occupied it until 1636 when she went to live with her son, another Lawrence, who was rector of Purleigh, at Essex. This son, the Reverend Lawrence Washington, M.A., was married to Amphillis Rhodes, and John, the emigrant, and five other sons and daughters, were the result of this union.

England, at this time, was in the throes of civil convulsions, and Charles II was in banishment; the Puritans of the eleven-year commonwealth were carrying governmental affairs with high hand, and affairs in general were in turmoil. The Washingtons were Royalists—committed

to the cause, not merely because of their holdings of the Rectory of Purleigh, but by the traditional devotion of generations to the crown. Consequently the father was deprived of his parish in 1643, and to escape from petty persecutions, his son, John, crossed to Virginia near the year 1658, and his brother, Lawrence, and a sister soon followed to this land of promise. So with John Washington, the emigrant, the history of the family in America begins, as does the connection of the Washingtons at Mount Vernon.

He did not come direct to the upper tide-water of the Potomac, but settled in Westmoreland county, between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, which gave his name to the parish. His wife and two children died not long after his arrival in this wilderness, and he was then married to Mrs. Anne Pope Brodhurst, widow of Walter Brodhurst; and where Bridges creek meets the Potomac, seventy miles below the Capitol, he reared his humble dwelling at what was later known as Wakefield. Here their sons, Lawrence and Augustine, were born.

Augustine was sent to England to be educated, and upon his return, he was married to Miss Jane Butler, daughter of Caleb Butler, of Westmoreland county; and of the four children born of this union, but two, Lawrence and Augustine, survived childhood. The mother, Jane, passed from sight in 1728, and Augustine Washington then claimed Miss Mary Ball, daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, as his bride; and she was destined to have her name written upon the highest pinnacle of fame as the mother of the "Father of His Country." George was the first born of this union, and Samuel, John Augustine, Charles, Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Fielding Lewis, and Mildred, who died in childhood, were the other children.

Not long after the birth of George, the parents moved up the river to the Hunting Creek lands, as the name of Augustine Washington appears as vestryman of Truro Parish, as early as 1735, but, as has already been stated, after their dwelling was burned, they removed to near Fredericksburg, where Mr. Washington died when George was but eleven years of age, leaving the shaping of the destiny of this promising lad entirely to his strong-minded mother.

But the father to whom the boy was so greatly attached, had not failed to stamp upon him, both by example and precept, his noble principles, and some of these early impressions went with him through life.

Mary, the Mother of Washington

Mary Ball was descended from an old and highly respected family of English colonists, who settled on the banks of the Potomac, at the mouth of the Corotoman river in Lancaster County, Virginia, in 1650. William Ball, the emigrant, had two sons, William and Joseph; and Mary Ball was the youngest daughter of William, who was a well-to-do planter. She was born on the banks of the Rappahannock in 1706; and here amidst these rural surroundings, with scant educational advantages, grew into a lovely young womanhood—so noted for her beauty and charm that she was known as the "Rose of Epping Forest," when she became the bride of Augustine Washington in 1730. Strong and noble in her quiet, unobtrusive simplicity, she has come down in history simply as the "Mother of Washington;" for she refused to be swerved from her natural, everyday manner of living, by any honors that might be conferred upon her son. And when he rose to the highest pinnacle of fame, she quietly accepted it as a matter of course, "as he had always been a good boy."

When this son started out in the world to try his fortune alone, this reserved mother, with a heart overflowing with affection, beneath a calm and dignified exterior, sent him on his way with this blessing: "Remember, George, God only is our sure trust: to Him I commend you." When she was told of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, she lifted her hands toward Heaven and exclaimed, "Thank God! war will now be ended, and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country." She managed her farm down to old age and insisted upon living alone, though her daughter, Mrs. Betty Lewis, who resided near ever kept her palatial door open to her. When the war cloud of the Revolution began to hang threateningly about the colonies, Washington persuaded her to move to Fredericksburg, where she continued

to reside to the close of her life. Here the Victor of Yorktown returned, to embrace his mother, after a separation of seven years. She was alone and employed about her domestic duties when he was announced. A warm embrace bade him welcome. She inquired as to his health, noted the furrows of care that had been added to his brow, since last they met, spoke of friends of former days, but never a word of his glory.

Fredericksburg hastened to pay homage to the Conqueror of Lord Cornwallis in the form of a citizens' ball, and Mrs. Washington did attend that in her usual equanamity. The foreign officers had been very anxious to see the mother of their Chieftain of whom they had heard so much; and with their European standards of glitter and show as criterions of greatness, their surprise was complete when a matron of queenly dignity, gowned in the very plain style of the old-time Virginia lady, entered upon the arm of the distinguished hero; accepted the highest attentions without the slightest evidence of elevation, and at an early hour bade the company goodnight saying: "It is time for old folks to be in bed," and left upon her son's arm. The officers were amazed that she should thus deport herself under such a blaze of glory as shone about her son. It was unheard of in the Old World, and one was heard to remark, "If such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of her illustrious sons."

When Lafayette was on the eve of his departure for Europe in 1784, he went to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to Mrs. Washington. As he approached the house, her grandson, who was acting as his escort, said, "That is my grandmother, sir." The distinguished Frenchman's eye fell upon her at work in her garden, clad in domestic-made garments with a plain straw hat upon her head. She greeted him cordially with, "Ah! Marquis, you see an old woman, but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress." Much as the Marquis had already heard, he was struck with admiring wonder. Her advanced age, and the unprecedented glory that encircled her son had wrought no change in her quiet simplicity; and when he eulogized that son, and con-

gratulated her, she calmly replied, "I am not surprised at what George has done, he was always a very good boy."

She had an innate fear of lightning, which had its origin in a tragic incident of her youth and which followed her through life. A young friend was killed at her side, and the knife and fork that she held in her hand were melted by the flash, and the impression of that moment ever returned with its terror at the approach of an electric storm.

In 1789 when General Washington was leaving for New York to assume his presidential duties, he went to Fredericksburg to tell his mother goodbye. She was then in feeble health from the malady that carried her away; and when he spoke of hastening back to Virginia when the outset of the new government could be disposed of, she interrupted him by assuring him that he would see her no more; that age and disease were already preying upon her vitals and that she could not be long for this world now. But she said, "I trust God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. Go, George, fulfill the high destinies which Heaven appears to have intended you for; go, my son, and may that Heaven and a mother's blessing be with you always."

This was too much for the strong man. Forgetful of the recent laurels and diadem, his head dropped to her shoulder and he wept, while her feeble arms encircled his neck, and fond memories were revived. This was truly the last meeting. She sank to rest on August 25, 1789, at the age of eighty-three, just a few months later, and he was unable to be present at the funeral.

They laid her down to sleep at Fredericksburg. Long years after, a public monument was reared in grateful remembrance above her tomb. It bears the simple inscription: "Mary, the Mother of Washington."

Augustine Washington died April 11, 1743.

Lawrence Washington

Lawrence Washington, the builder of Mount Vernon, was born of the first union, the elder half-brother of George.

He was but twenty-two years of age when he came into possession of this estate, and he seemed to have no idea of settling down to the life of a planter. So when the call came from the Motherland for troops from the Colonies for the reinforcement of General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon, who were engaged in the discipline of the Spaniards in the West Indies, he enlisted under the commission of captain, and departed with the Colonial troops, and fought at Carthagena. He survived the bullets and the fever scourge, and returned home in 1742. Military life now had a fascination for him, and he had no thought of abandoning the sword. But the charms of a fair daughter of Belvoir, a neighboring estate, held the balance of power, and the following year he and Anne Fairfax were wed. She was the daughter of William Fairfax, and thus he was united to one of the most influential families of Virginia, as she was a cousin of Lord Thomas Fairfax, and her half-brother, Bryan, inherited his title. And Lawrence developed into one of the prominent men of the colony within the next ten years. He was appointed adjutant of the military district with the rank of major, and was repeatedly a member of the House of Burgesses.

However, failing health caused him to sail for the West Indies, accompanied by his brother, George, who suffered from the smallpox while there, and returned sooner than Lawrence. But no benefit being derived from this change of climate, he returned home to die; and in 1752 he was laid away at Mount Vernon, by the side of his four little ones who preceded him to the other side. Dying without heirs, this younger brother, to whom he was so greatly attached, fell heir to the estate.

Here all the family lie, and while the name of Lawrence Washington has been so overshadowed by the renown of his younger brother, it will ever stand out in bas relief as the builder of this historic mansion, and the bestowing of its present beautiful name.

Other Washingtons Fall Heir

At the death of General George Washington, his nephew, Bushrod Washington, by the terms of his will, came into possession of the old mansion with four thousand acres. He was the second child of John Augustine Washington, the younger brother of George, and he occupied the estate for twenty-seven years, but the only evidence of his handiwork which survives is the porch outside the library windows. He was graduated from William and Mary's College, served as a private at Yorktown, and was a very successful lawyer; was at one time associate justice of the supreme court. He died on November 20, 1829, while attending court at Philadelphia, and his wife, Anne Blackburn Washington, only survived him by a few days. They had no issue, and both rest at Mount Vernon.

Bushrod Washington in turn left the mansion, with 1,225 acres to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, the third child of Corbin Washington; and he, foreseeing that it would be impossible for any member of the family to maintain the place and respond to its demands which meant utter ruin, wisely provided for its sale to the government. To wring a living from its worn acres and meet the tide of visitors with the open-handed hospitality that had set it apart in former days was impossible; for in addition to the tourists from all parts of the world, everyone in public life at Washington City, felt free to come and to ask attention for friends and constituents, who were sent with letters of introduction, which not only bespoke the privilege of the home but entertainment as well.

John Augustine Washington, born in 1792, was married to Miss Jane Charlotte Blackburn, daughter of Major Richard Scott Blackburn, of the United States Army, in 1814; and they lived in Jefferson county before succeeding to this inheritance. They had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The head of the household died in 1832, leaving the estate to his wife with the privilege of distributing it among the children as she wished. She deeded the mansion to her eldest son, John Augustine Washington, and later confirmed it by her will. She remained here

until 1843. In February of that year, he was married to Eleanor Love Selden, of Virginia, and this John Augustine was the last Washington to own Mount Vernon. He and his wife had seven children; viz, Louisa Fontaine, Jane Charlotte, Eliza Selden, Anne Maria, Lawrence, Eleanor Love, and George, all of whom were born at Mount Vernon, except Eliza, and they were the last children born here.

It will be noted that the acreage grew less about the mansion as it was transferred from time to time, but this has only to deal with the mansion and including grounds.

As had been foreseen, the estate was falling into decay, as private ownership could no longer hold sway. Both Virginia and the National government had declined to purchase it, and the question of how to preserve this shrine, which meant so much to the nation and to the world became a grave one. But the hand of Fate seemed to intervene at a most opportune moment.

The Mount Vernon Association

IT WAS the custom for steamboats plying the Potomac to toll the bells in passing Mount Vernon. The custom is said to have originated on August 24, 1814, when Commodore Gordon, commander of the English fleet, in passing ordered the bell of his flagship the "Seahorse" tolled; and thus every passenger was reminded of the significance of the place.

One day a steamship chanced to carry a passenger from South Carolina in the person of Mrs. Robert Cunningham, who was born at Alexandria, six years before the death of Washington, and whose father and grandfather had been associated with him as vestrymen of the old Christ's Church. She was on her way to Philadelphia to place her invalid daughter under medical care, and the tones of the tolling bell made a deep impression on her patriotic heart. She awoke to the realization that something must be done or this sacred place would be lost; and she mentioned the matter to her daughter, saying that the other plans for preservation had failed, and that it was left to the women of America to come to the rescue.

Immediately this suggestion took root in the daughter's heart, and from her invalid's chair through difficulties untold, and even under ridicule at times, she carried the resolve of that moment to success, after years of persistent effort. She made her appeal under the nom de plume of a "Southern Maiden," as women at that time were supposed to be seen and not heard.

Women brave and true all over the country heeded the call and rallied in behalf of this sacred shrine. Contributions came in from every quarter, but difficulties unforeseen arose from time to time; and in March, 1856, Miss Cunningham traveled in her invalid's chair, in great pain, to Richmond that she might intercede for the cause; and she enlisted the aid of Edward Everett Hale, who had gone there to deliver his renowned eulogy on Washington, and he generously turned the proceeds of this lecture over to the fund, and subsequently contributed the sum of $69,964 besides being a champion for the cause in other ways.

At last on March 19, 1858, both houses of the Virginia legislature passed an act incorporating the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. But it now developed that Mr. Washington had refused to sell the estate to this corporation—that he would sell to the state only, and the efforts of all these toilsome years seemed lost. But with a woman's indomitable courage, Miss Cunningham resolved to confront Mr. Washington in person, and she set out in her chair, making the trip from Charleston to Baltimore by boat. She was kindly received, but the owner refused to change his position, which seemed to be based on sentiment, and she was taken back to the boat-landing. But an unseen hand seemed to be guiding, and after waiting some length of time in a skiff for the boat, she was compelled to return to the mansion for the night. During the evening, she learned the real secret of the opposition to be that this movement was designed to reflect on him, and to her joy she was able to remove this false impression and carry the day. Owing to the many disappointments and delays, ardor had by this time died away, but her courage was equal to the emergency, and she set about with new zeal and devotion to revive it; and on April 6, 1858, the contract through which

this association became the owners was signed. By this time Miss Cunningham was so helpless that the pen had to be placed in her hand and she had to be lifted up and supported while signing the document. Thus the struggle of five weary years was crowned with victory. This shrine had been saved to the nation by the efforts of patriotic women, and she was content.

Two hundred thousand dollars was the price paid, but it must now be restored to precisely what it was in Washington's day, so that when other seats of great men have yielded to the mandates of modern change and fashion this will remain what it was when ennobled by the presence of the founder of liberty. So funds were raised to restore it; out-buildings were replaced; a sea-wall was built, and beautifying touches were everywhere added. Then the scattered relics of former days must be collected, so as to restore its identity, and this was no slight task or expense. And how marvelously this has been accomplished the visitor of today can testify. True the library and many other things are wanting, but nothing has been accepted that did not relate to Washington and Mount Vernon.

Miss Ann Pamelia Cunningham has an enduring monument in this patriotic association. She remained as regent of it until one year before her death, which occurred at her home at Laurens, South Carolina, on June 1, 1875. Her parting admonition to the association as she lay her armor down is worthy of preservation here:

"Ladies, the home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the home of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it; no vandal hand desecrate it with fingers of progress. Those who go to the home where he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change! Upon you rests this duty." And the multiplied thousands who annually pay tribute at this shrine are witnesses to the sacredness with which this admonition has been obeyed.

Nellie Custis and Woodlawn

THE last anniversary of the birth of the "Father of His Country" will ever stand out in history for its double significance: for it was the wedding day of his beloved ward, Eleanor Parke Custis, and never before had historic old Mount Vernon been brighter or gayer.

From the time the fair, little three-year-old became a member of this household, at the death of her father, she had not only been the pet and idol of this home, but of the great of this and other lands, who came under this distinguished roof. Now in the full blush and promise of her young womanhood, so charming in her bridal-robe and orange blossoms, it is small wonder that "she was the center of all eyes; the theme of all praise;" for no other girlish figure in the annals of America has ever held such sway over the hearts of her countrymen, as did the beautiful, vivacious Nellie Custis, who retained this sway down to a ripe and graceful old age. She was a child of nature and delighted in all things beautiful.

It is told of her that her romantic nature and her love for wandering alone in the forest by moonlight, occasioned her grandmother anxiety for her safety, and she exacted the promise that Nellie would not visit the woods alone again. However, one evening she was reprimanded for this offense by Mrs. Washington, and reminded of the broken promise. She acknowledged her failure and offered its attendant excuse, and was just closing the door in retirement from the room, when General Washington said, "My dear, I would say no more, perhaps, she was not alone." The little lassie could not accept such a challenge of her truthfulness, and reopening the door, she walked up to the General and said, "Sir, you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmamma I was alone, I hope you will believe I was alone." This was too much for the General. He made one of his most magnanimous bows, and said, "My child, I beg your pardon!"

Her loving, childish influence over the heart of the great man, who seemed so unapproachable, was marked. Her sweet smile and little confidences whispered in his ear, while she held affectionately to the button of his coat, brought her heart's desire in pretty gowns and the innumerable other things that she wished. How charmingly her early pathway was arched with sunshine and roses, but the afternoon and eventide of life were deeply touched by sorrow and care.

One writer says, "She was as witty as she was beautiful;" and a famous portrait shows her sweet, girlish face framed in dark curls, while her long hair is gathered carelessly at the top of her head with a cluster of white flowers, and this portrait, which sets forth the simplicity of her youthful charm on another page, certainly verifies all that has been written of her rare beauty. Naturally gifted, highly educated, and brought up under the refining influences of the first home of the land, with the additional advantages of several years in the Presidential mansions at New York and Philadelphia, she was well-fitted for the life that awaited her.

February 22, 1799, the anniversary of her guardian and ideal hero, was set apart as the nuptial day. Great preparations had been made for the event. Deft fingers, with flowers and evergreen, had transformed the interior of this stately old mansion into a veritable bower. Picturesque Colonial costumes in "rich fabric and richer colors," with jeweled buckles, brooches, powder and ruffles, so incident to the period; stately men, and willowy, girlish figures flitting about in the minuet and Virginia reel, under the waxen tapers, all contributed to the brilliant scene in this great drawing-room, which was destined to be hushed and still, ten months later, for the nuptial altar was to have in its stead the bier of the great Chief, who tonight had given the fair bride away with such courtly dignity.

The Dandridges, Custises, Calverts, Lees, Lewises, Corbins, Bushrods, Blackburns, Masons, Carrolls and many of the other elite of the day witnessed the ceremony; and the silent portraits of the great upon the walls looked down in striking contrast with the gay throng before them;

for they tell us Mount Vernon had never before witnessed such a scene.

Lawrence Lewis, the sixth child of Colonel Fielding and Betty Washington Lewis, who had won the rank of major in the Revolution, was the fortunate bridegroom. He was the favorite nephew of General Washington, and the one of the many suitors for Nellie's hand that he would have selected for the principal on this occasion, and this was a gratifying moment to him.

When his social duties had become too great, and he longed for quiet he had asked this nephew to come and stay with him so as to relieve him of this and other cares. And it was in the mansion, in the gardens, along the walks, in the quiet of shady nooks, that "Love's old sweet story was told," and this was the happy culmination of the romance of these two favorites of the great General.

Here, in the old mansion house, which had become so dear to Nellie by association, her first two daughters were born; and it is said that it was a great disappointment to her and her husband, and to Mrs. Washington, when they found it had been transferred to Bushrod Washington, by the General's will, as they loved it so, and wished to remain here. Tradition says that the future master of Mount Vernon was coldly received when he came to attend his uncle's funeral, as Lawrence and Nellie cancelled their customary hospitality and he had to ask a slave to prepare his dinner.

Woodlawn Built

General Washington left two thousand acres to Major Lewis and Nellie, as their part of the Mount Vernon estate, beside other lands and cash sufficient to erect a home in accord with their ideas, and maintain their high social standing; and Mrs. Washington added to this a fitting dower out of the abundance of her resources, so their new home was established under auspicious circumstances.

It took its name, "Woodlawn," from the childhood home of Major Lewis in Culpeper County, Virginia, and was built in 1805 on Grey Heights, overlooking the river and Dogue bay, three miles inland from Mount Vernon;

and was the stateliest Colonial manor-house of the Upper Potomac.

The main building is sixty by forty feet, with spacious halls and apartments, and ample wings united by corridors to the main portion; and with its ideal settings of oaks, pines, and a park in the rear, it at once claims the admiration of the stranger, who knows nothing of its place in American history: for it is second only to Mount Vernon and Arlington, and should be a National shrine instead of the property of private individuals. It was bombarded by the British in 1812, but was not seriously injured, and it is said to be noted for its secret chambers which almost defy detection.

Woodlawn was known far and wide for its hospitality. It opened its doors to the great of every land, who came to pay homage to the "Daughter of Mount Vernon." Among these notables was General Lafayette, who years before had oftentimes caressed her as a child, with paternal fondness, in her sweet, laughing moods in the home of his old Commander. She possessed an innate kindness and sympathy, which endeared her to all, alike, and the toilers on the plantation always found in her a helper. She was an advocate of the Episcopal Church faith, and carried her religion into her daily life; and it was her custom to have all the domestics of her home attend family prayers both morning and evening. She was a favorite wherever she went; the life of any company; and she retained much of her youthful vivacity, and traces of beauty as long as she lived. "She lived to be admired, and died to be regretted." One writer observes: "When that fair, smooth brow of the great artist's picture had been imprinted with the lines of three-score years, and those clustering curls had changed their brown to threads of snow, how she must have seemed like some saintly messenger to those who eagerly listened to her as she brought from memory's far-away shore the historic scenes, which had passed before those sparkling eyes in the hey-day of her youthful life."

Major Lewis spent his last hours at Arlington on November 20, 1839, and after he had been laid away at Mount Vernon, she removed to Audley, an estate of near

sixteen hundred acres, which belonged to him in Clarke County, Virginia. Here she passed from earth on July 15, 1852, at the age of seventy-four: for she was born at Abingdon, between Washington and Alexandria, in March, 1778, during the American Revolution. "And one bright summer day, a lonely hearse followed by a single carriage, was seen wending its way along the Virginia highway from the Shenandoah to the Potomac." This hearse contained all that was mortal of Nellie Custis, who was being borne back to Mount Vernon to be laid at rest among the beloved scenes of her eventful youth. It was late at night when it arrived at its destination, and the casket was placed in the great drawing-room, where she had been crowned "as the fairest of the land" with her bridal-wreath, fifty years before. Many of the citizens of Washington and the surrounding country came to pay tribute as she lay in state, and to witness the "last sad rites" in one of her favorite childish nooks. She sleeps near her kind guardians—just outside the tomb and a marble monument, bearing the following inscription, marks her grave:

"Sacred to the memory of Eleanor Park Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and adopted daughter of General Washington."

Another handsome monument in the same enclosure marks the grave of her daughter, Eleanor Angela Conrad. Her husband also sleeps here in the vault.

The birds were singing as gayly about her quiet resting-place on the occasion of our recent visit, as they must have sung in the olden days when she listened with such rapturous delight.

She had four children. Agnes, the eldest, died while in school at Philadelphia; Frances Parke, who became the wife of General E. G. W. Butler, spent her last hours at Pass Christian, Mississippi, some years ago; Eleanor Angela, who married the Honorable C. M. Conrad, died in New Orleans many years ago, and Lorenzo was the son.

He fell heir to Woodlawn. In 1827, he claimed Miss Esther Maria Coxe, of Philadelphia, as his bride, and their family consisted of six children, all of whom have long since joined them on the other side. R. J. C. Lewis, of

Berryville, Virginia, being the last to go. For some years they resided at the mansion; but he died in 1847, and she survived him by many years.

But as early as 1845, the entire estate presented a forlorn and forsaken appearance, with the neglect of years everywhere in evidence. Not a white man lived upon it, and only a few old slaves remained in rickety cabins, and they did not subsist upon the products from the soil. Only here and there a patch of ground showed cultivation. No grass had been sown, no hay harvested, and the fields were overgrown with brambles, sedge, sassafras, and cedars, and the fences had tumbled to decay. The taxes were about thirty dollars a year, when the buildings alone cost near one hundred thousand dollars, forty years before.

At this crucial moment, the New Jersey Colony purchased the estate for twelve dollars and fifty cents the acre, and divided and sub-divided it into small farms for improvement. It was a melancholy change that greeted the eye of the pilgrim to this shrine, which had been so magnificent under the touch of the original, gracious mistress.

There was talk in later years of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution coming to its rescue; but in 1901, two young men from New York City in the persons of Paul Kester, the playwright, and his brother, Vaughn, the novelist, visited it, and they were so much impressed with this "grandeur in decay" that they purchased it the following year and restored it to its former beauty and culture. It again threw its doors open to noted personages in the literary and theatrical world; and among these visitors was Julia Marlowe, who spent her off-stage hours here during her engagement at Washington; and her little dog "Taffy" was a guest of honor at Woodlawn for several weeks during the winter of 1902.

After a few years, the Kesters sold it to Miss Sharpe, of Philadelphia, and while it retains its old-time beauty, it wears the air of utter loneliness and seclusion, as it is in the hands of care-takers the greater part of the time, and the "no trespass" sign by the roadside, doubtless, precludes the pleasure of a visit for many a tourist. But the name of Nellie Custis will ever hang a mantle of sacredness

about it despite its ownership; and the pilgrim will pause and view it from a distance, though he may be forbidden to enter its portals. Camp Humphreys, which has now been made a permanent camp, is almost beneath its shadow.

Abingdon—The Birthplace of Nellie Custis

THOUGH the name of Nellie Custis is so closely entwined about Mount Vernon and Woodlawn, there is still another place that stands out in bas relief as sacred to her memory, and that is "Abingdon," where she first saw the light, which is today pointed out to the tourist, as he turns his face toward Mount Vernon over the Washington and Electric Railway Line.

This tract of land belonged to the original grant of Robert Howson who sold it to the Alexanders along with Arlington, and this house which is so well built, has borne the weight of more than two centuries and is still habitable.

General Washington bought it of Girard Alexander for his stepson, John Parke Custis, who founded his home here, upon his marriage to Eleanor Calvert of Mount Airy, Maryland, and here their three daughters were born. But the ravages of war plunged this happy family into the depth of mourning when the young master was carried away, just at the moment of victory. Some time later, however, the young widow was again married to Dr. Stuart and continued to live here, where the Stuart sisters, who were so far-famed for their grace and beauty, were born. Many a young planter worshiped at the "shrine of these fair muses," and would have gladly laid his all at their feet.

But General Washington had paid for this estate with Continental money, and the heirs of Girard Alexander brought suit for its recovery, and after long years of litigation, it was returned to them, and Walter Alexander became the owner. He soon sold it to a man by the name of Wise, who transferred it to Alexander Hunter, who was marshal of the District of Columbia for a score of years, and who spent much in beautifying the old place.

President Andrew Jackson was a close friend of General Hunter, and many a Saturday he stole away to Abing-

don for an over-Sunday rest: for this was a sort of Liberty hall, where politics and office-seeking were tabooed during the Presidential visits. One chamber on the northeast side was always known as General Washington's, as it was his custom to occupy it upon his visits to his stepson. General Hunter, in defense of the non-pretentiousness of the place, used to say that a house that was good enough for Washington was good enough for him.

He willed Abingdon to his nephew, Major Alexander Hunter, who was well-known in the literary world later, and who was to come into possession of the estate at his majority. But the Civil War came on, and he enlisted in the Confederate cause, and, like Arlington, it was sold for taxes during his absence. L. E. Crittendon, then employed in the treasury, bought it, but after the war, Major Alexander Hunter brought suit for the recovery of this property, and won in the supreme court. General Garfield was his lawyer, and for his fee he accepted forty acres of the estate, and was planning for the erection of a handsome country residence here when the hand of an assassin laid him low and turned the historic place into "sackcloth and ashes."

It seems that an improvement company was interested in this part of the estate, along with Mr. Garfield, and that this company and the Garfield heirs still hold title to it. But this did not include the old mansion, which has long been owned by the New Washington Brick Manufacturing Company; and Abingdon is now the home of the president of this company. It is in a good state of preservation, and is near a half mile from the electric car line, three or four miles out of Washington.

By Courtesy of Washington-Virginia Railway Co.

ABINGDON, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

WHERE NELLIE CUSTIS SLEEPS—THE SHAFT TO THE RIGHT MARKS HER GRAVE.

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

FIELD OF THE DEAD WITH MAST OF MAINE AND NEW AMPHITHEATER

In this little corner I plant
a sweet Forget-Me-Not
to the Memory of
The Nation's Heroic Dead.

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

FORT MYER GATEWAY

"Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been
The memory shall be ours."

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

ARLINGTON MANSION

Arlington National Cemetery

ARLINGTON is ever second only to Mount Vernon, and now with its additional sections filled with the precious dust of our overseas dead, it has a new significance; and there is no other one spot under heaven that claims the attention of more hearts, and it seems a most fitting time to enshrine it anew in our history.

This beautiful "City of the Dead," overlooking the placid waters of the Potomac and the Nation's Capitol from its ideal heights on the Virginia hills, is the largest cemetery of its kind of modern times. Here all heroes of all ranks and of all wars, from the Revolution to the great World War, share, alike, in this embracing mold, so close to the heart of the great country they gave their life-blood to preserve.

Nature seems to have especially favored this place for this sacred purpose, and what she in her generosity overlooked, the landscape gardener, with his wonderful, magic art has surely supplied: for nothing has been spared to make it a veritable Eden for the heroic hosts that slumber here. "Overshadowed by the magnificent forest and in sunny openings," the long line of white headstones tell their sad story of willing sacrifice, of broken hearts, and of fondly crushed hopes. Imposing mausoleums and costly monuments rise above the graves of distinguished officers or more favored sons than the unknown, but all share the same restful repose under the sound of the bugle call of Fort Myer. And as one reflects upon the solemn scene, the full significance of Gray's beautiful lines comes to mind:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;
> Await, alike, the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The grounds are enclosed by a substantial stone wall with handsome memorial gateway entrances on the different

sides, and a paved driveway leads to the mansion and to other parts of the cemetery. A profusion of ornamental trees and shrubs have been placed among the primitive oaks; and velvety lawns beautified with beds of flowers crown the crest of the hill, and invite the visitor to linger among their fragrance. The Temple of Fame is surrounded by a picturesque garden of flowers arranged in unique designs, some of which spell the word "Unknown," others the names of officers, etc.

The great amphitheater, which was dedicated in May, 1920, has left the simpler, rustic one of former years to be treasured for its associations; but for historic interest nothing surpasses "Arlington House," or the Custis-Lee mansion as it is generally known today.

From its commanding position on the brow of the hill, which stretches away in slope a half-mile to the river two hundred feet below, it presents one of the most magnificent views that the eye can behold. Standing between these great Doric columns, which so distinctly set its architecture apart as Grecian, Lafayette pronounced it one of the grandest views that he had ever looked upon; and what must he think could he drink in this panorama today in all its modern improvement and beauty! Surely there is nothing fairer this side the pearly gates.

The house is built of cement to resemble stone, and a coat of paint and new hardwood floors have greatly improved it within the past year. Aside from its wonderful columns, it presents a rather humble appearance within, and but few remnants of its halcyon days now remain. The bare floors seem to protest against intrusion, as they send back their echoes of precious memories of the long ago.

The register has been abandoned, and in its stead is a complete record of the Spanish-American war soldiers placed here by the Colonial Dames. In the hallway are two large tablets, one containing the history of the Arlington estate, and the other that of the cemetery. The room where Robert E. Lee claimed his bride is now marked "private," and the old well, which has quenched the thirst of so many generations, is transformed into a modern drinking fountain.

Upon the terrace in front of the mansion, near the flagstaff, where "Old Glory" proudly plays the part of sentinel from reveille to retreat, rest General Philip Sheridan and Admiral Porter, the two most distinguished commanders that slumber here. Sheridan's monument is one of the most artistic in the ground; the granite and bronze being adorned by a medallion portrait, with flag and wreath. To the right of the flag is the unique sarcophagus of Pierie Charles L'Enfant, the man who laid out the city of Washington. The tomb of General Miles is in another part of the cemetery, overlooking the city and the river at a vantage point; the anchor of the Maine, and the white granite monument bearing the names of the ill-fated heroes; the Memorial Amphitheater; the new memorial to the late Admiral Robert E. Peary, etc., are all points of special interest; but nothing surpasses the great "Field of the Dead," with its plateau of endless lines of uniform headstones, and the newly-made grave of the "Unknown," which adds a page that is yet unsurpassed in the world's history for military honor and significance.

The Unknown Hero

Selected from the burying-grounds of France without the slightest clue to his identity, typical of all our dead of the great battlefields, and transported across the water to the homeland on the historic "Olympia," this unknown American soldier received the highest honor that has ever yet been paid to mortal remains. Every rank and avenue of life was represented in the veritable stream of humanity that paid tribute from the moment the flag-covered casket was borne from the ship until the requiem taps were sounded as the last rites at the grave on Armistice Day, November 11, 1921.

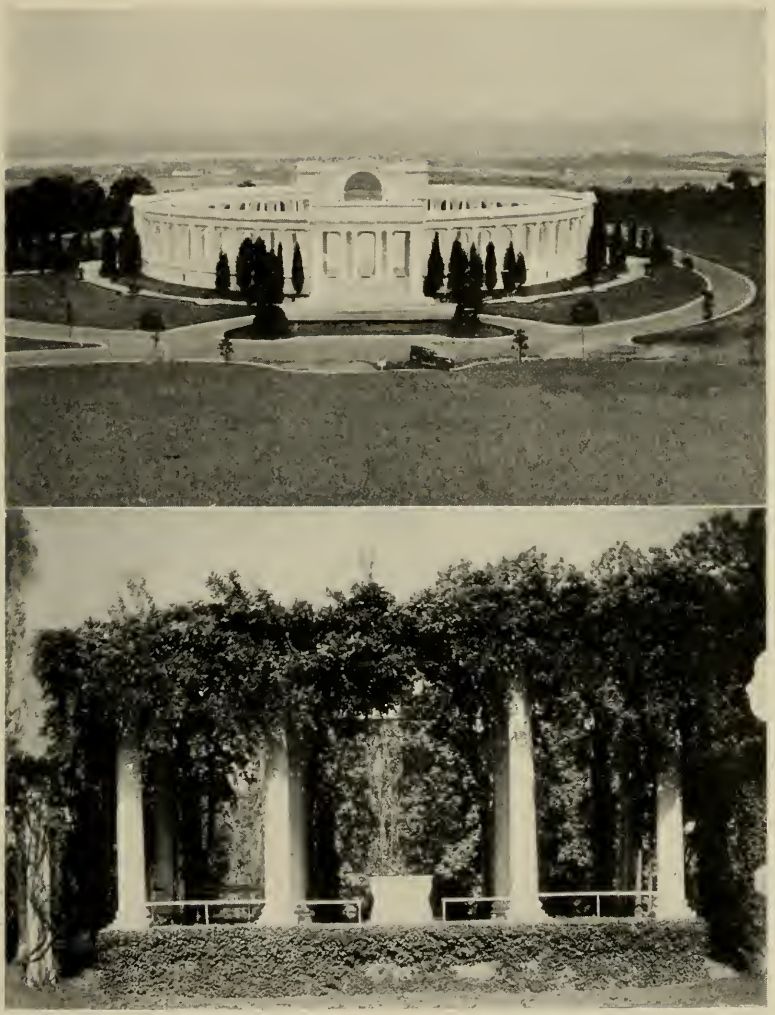
Floral offerings of the rarest hue from every state in the Union—from almost every country under the sun; from churches, lodges, patriotic organizations, societies, etc., from the King of Great Britain to the one that bore the simple language "Old Pal," intermingled their fragrance in the greatest display of flowers in the world's annals, about the casket of this "Unknown," as it rested upon the

catafalque that had upheld the remains of our martyred Presidents, under the great dome of the Capitol. But the final service on Armistice Day reached the climax, and must ever live in the memory of those who witnessed the impressive spectacle.

The Amphitheater had been transformed into a veritable bower with garlands entirely encircling the top, and the great embankments of the hero's tributes everywhere in evidence. The casket rested upon a catafalque that had been improvised for the occasion; and grouped about the platform were some of the greatest military heroes and statesmen of the age—not only of this, but other lands. General Foch and Premier Briand, of France, were there; Mr. Arthur J. Balfour and General Beatty, of England; General Jacques, of Belgium; General Diaz, of Italy; former Presidents William H. Taft and Woodrow Wilson, and General Pershing, of our own country; and President Warren G. Harding's memorial eloquence, and the other impressive services, were wafted from ocean to ocean by the means of amplifiers, as the first event of its kind in all history.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, as the bugle sounded attention, came the lull of two minutes when a nation bowed its head in silent prayer, and an unprecedented hush and awe, such as had never before been experienced, spread its wings over an entire land. Then the solemnity of the moment when the President of this great country concluded his address by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison with the people—more voices than had ever before been thus united,—as the first instance of its kind on record. This was followed by the singing of the "Supreme Sacrifice," by a quartet.

Then gold and jeweled emblems for the brave from the highest officers of other lands were laid upon the breast of the silent sleeper, after our own President had placed the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross upon the casket. The Victoria Cross, never before bestowed upon anyone, who had not served under the British flag; the highest honors of France, Belgium, Italy, etc., were laid there. General Jacques of Belgium tore the medal



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NEW AMPHITHEATER FROM THE AIR
OLD AMPHITHEATER

of valor from his own tunic that he might lay it upon the casket. The British and American mothers brought their tear-bedewed floral offerings; and Chief Plenty Coups, in behalf of the dusky-face, called down the blessing of the Great Spirit of the Red man, as he laid the coup stick of his tribal office and the feathered bonnet from his own head beside the other honors.

The tomb which was made in front of the Amphitheater, was not sealed until Monday, and thousands who had been disappointed by the traffic jam on Armistice Day, paid homage on Sunday.

Tomb of Unknown

As the casket was borne from the battleship to the Rotunda amidst military honors and the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," from the mounted band, Nature's tears were falling copiously as if she too, were in sympathy; but as it was carried from the Capitol to its final resting-place, she broke forth into a sunny smile, as if in approval of the symbol of the unprecedented occasion, which brought together peace advocates from the very ends of the earth.

Most of the tributes were perishable, but the one of white marble and gold sent by France must serve as an emblem of her enduring friendship. In the upper left

hand corner of this handsomest of designs were the words, "Homage de La France" in gold. Beneath them was a spray of American Beauty roses in the same gold; at the lower left hand corner were other words in French, and at the bottom were the significant ones "Versailles 1783-1918,"—dates, which let us hope, cement the friendship of these two liberty-loving republics for all time.

This tomb of the "Unknown" is a new shrine for pilgrimages. The Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, three thousand strong, bowed here on April 18, 1922, and with eulogy, prayer and song, laid their floral tributes down, and renewed their covenant in honor of those who rest in "Flanders' field" for a redoubled effort for "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

History of Arlington Estate

WITH all hearts centered about this National City of the Dead, its early history naturally becomes of more moment to us; so let us turn our eyes backward to its primitive days, with its successive titles of ownership to the time it became the resting-place of our patriotic dead.

On October 21, 1669, his majesty King Charles II of England, through Sir William Berkeley, the governor of the Virginia colony, "by the grace of God and the discovery of John Cabot," granted this large tract, including what is now the Arlington estate, to one Robert Howson, as a recompense for the many settlers he brought to the colony. Howson, evidently prizing it little, sold it that same year to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco; and it remained in the Alexander family until Christmas 1778, when Gerard Alexander and his wife transferred it by deed to John Parke Custis for the sum of one thousand one hundred pounds Virginia currency; there being one thousand one hundred acres in the tract.

Mr. Custis died intestate leaving four children, and in accord with the old English primogenitive law, which gave the sole right of inheritance of real estate to the eldest son, his only son, George Washington Parke Custis, inherited Arlington, which took its name from the old Custis

homestead on the eastern coast of Virginia. This home having been named in honor of Henry, Earl of Arlington, to whom, with Lord Culpeper, Charles II had made a grant of the whole of Virginia in 1673.

John Parke Custis

JOHN PARKE CUSTIS, son of Martha Custis Washington, who was familiarly known as "Jackey," was a wild and wayward youth, with more love for the fox-chase and similar sports than for his studies, and this gave his mother and Mr. Washington much concern. At the age of eighteen, he entered King's (now Columbia) college, but the charm of Miss Eleanor Calvert, second daughter of Benedict Calvert, proved too alluring, and a few months later, on February 3, 1774, he claimed this beautiful, vivacious lassie of sixteen summers, as his bride. The nuptials took place in the parlor of the Mount Airy Mansion, and they founded their home at Abingdon between Alexandria and Washington, where three of their four children were born. He served as aide-de-camp on the staff of General Washington at Yorktown and died of camp fever at the home of Colonel Bassett, at Eltham, Maryland, on November 5, 1781; Mrs. Bassett being a sister of his mother.

The fatal fever was upon him at the time of the fall of Yorktown, and he felt that he could die content, if he could but behold the surrender of the sword of Lord Cornwallis. This wish was gratified. He was supported to the ground where he witnessed the spectacle, and was then removed to the home of his aunt, as above stated, where his few remaining days were spent. When there was no longer room for hope, General Washington was summoned, and, attended by a single officer and a groom, he left headquarters at midnight, and rode with all possible speed to Eltham, arriving just in time to see the departing scene. Turning to the weeping widow and mother, he said, "From this moment I adopt the two youngest children as my own." Then grief-stricken, he waved adieu, and with fresh horses returned to the camp without rest or refreshments. "It was a melancholy hour," coming as it did to shadow the great triumph, while the camps were still resounding with

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

FRONT AND REAR VIEWS OF ARLINGTON MANSION, WITH PORTRAITS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS AND GENERAL AND MRS. LEE

the shouts of victory, but the hand of Destiny must have ruled that hour.

Two years passed by, and Eleanor Calvert Parke Custis was again married to Dr. David Stuart, and a large family of children was born of this union. She died on September 28, 1811, and rests in the little church at St. Thomas beside her father. She was the last one to be laid here. The vestry had forbidden such burials, but her remains were carried into the chapel at night. In digging the grave, after taking up the floor, the gold plate on the casket of her father was disclosed. John Parke Custis also rests in the Calvert burying-ground.

A beautiful portrait of Eleanor Calvert Custis in riding habit, which perpetuates her girlish charm, and which once adorned the old mansion at Mount Airy, is still in existence.

The children of John Parke Custis were: Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Thomas Law, and Martha, who married Thomas Peter, both of Washington; and Nellie and George Washington Parke Custis, the children of Mount Vernon.

Arlington Mansion Built

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS remained at Mount Vernon until after the death of his grandmother in 1802. He had now reached his majority, and with his inheritance from his father and from General Washington, was one of the wealthiest young men in Virginia. But owing to its ideal location and its proximity to the newly established capitol of the nation, his fancy naturally turned to Arlington in selecting his future home.

The only house on the estate at this time was the old one occupied by the Alexanders, which stood near the river a mile east of the present mansion, and which was built near 1725. Here the young master of Arlington lived until his "castle" was completed in 1803 or 1804.

Young Lochinvar had not yet deserted single life, but when all was in readiness, he prevailed upon Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, who was then but a lassie of sixteen summers, to share his fortune and his happiness; and she,

a descendant of the Randolphs of Virginia, presided over his home with the grace and dignity that such surroundings demanded: for it in some measure took the place of Mount Vernon in opening its hospitable doors to the great of earth. Many who had frequented that shrine during the boyhood of Mr. Custis now sat at his festal board. Among them being General Lafayette, who had invoked his blessing upon him as a barefoot boy.

Many were the treasures Mr. Custis brought here from Mount Vernon; among them being the bed upon which his beloved Pater spent his last hours; and the Marquee sleeping-tent, which served the General throughout the Revolution, from the time it was pitched at Cambridge in 1775, until the triumph at Yorktown in October 1781, which was the dearest of all to his heart. This silent weather-beaten remnant of liberty seemed to have a language all its own. It had witnessed the greatest events of the struggle. Under its protecting canopy, the great General, had, doubtless, many times poured out his innermost soul in prayer to the omnipotent Author of all victory; and o'er and o'er again shed the silent tear over the destitute patriots. Cornwallis had not only been a guest, but a prisoner, under it, and the sight of it called forth many other tender associations and memories. Mr. Custis used it at times as a special honor to his guests, and it was more than once the medium for some worthy cause; as people would pay liberally for the privilege of sitting under it. Two churches are said to have been built from funds thus secured. On October 12, 1824, during the last visit of Lafayette to this country, it was spread in his honor under the Rotunda of the Capitol. It is now resting with its poles and pegs in a glass case in the National Museum; and the very sight of it today brings an irresistible feeling of awe and reverence, and tends to deepen our sense of gratitude for the liberty, we so much enjoy, which was bought at such a price. Among the reminiscences that Mr. Custis treasured to life's last hour was his visit to Washington's tomb with Lafayette, which is recorded in the Mount Vernon chapter.

Mr. Custis was a man of many talents, aside from his

literary aspirations, but he did not fulfill the hope of General Washington that he might "shine in the councils of the nation as a statesman," but preferred the life of a gentleman-farmer, with its attendant ease and luxury. With the mansion filled with relics of the past, he began his career at Arlington by purchasing a flock of imported Merino sheep in 1803, and instituting an annual convention here for the benefit of those interested in sheep husbandry. This was known as "Arlington Sheep-Shearing Day," and commemorated his natal day, April 30, each succeeding year. Through his generosity, Arlington Springs became a summer resort, and he thoughtfully added a kitchen, dining-room, dancing pavilion, and boat-wharf for pleasure seekers,—making just one stipulation, that no intoxicating liquors be bought or sold, for he did not forget the high principles that had been instilled in him at Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Custis passed from sight in 1853, and he joined her on the other side, four years later. Both rest within an iron enclosure just beyond the shadow of the old mansion, under the protecting branches of three large oaks. Their graves are marked by simple shafts, which are thus inscribed:

"Mary Custis, born April 22, 1788, and died April 23, 1853."

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," which is sufficient tribute within itself.

"George Washington Parke Custis, born April 30, 1781, and died October 10, 1857."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

(He was born at Mount Airy, the home of the Calverts, while his father was serving in the Revolution.)

Mr. Custis left his entire estate to his only child who survived infancy, with the exception of fifteen and one-half acres, which he set apart for a faithful servant. This daughter, Mary Randolph, became the wife of Robert E. Lee, and at her death, the estate descended to her eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, by the provision of her father's will.

Carlock, Washington, D. C.

THE GRAVES OF THE CUSTISES AT ARLINGTON

The Lees at Arlington

THE name of Robert E. Lee will ever hang about this old mansion for he spent thirty years of his eventful life here. Even before he went to West Point, he was a frequent visitor at Arlington, where he was attracted by the grace and beauty of the young heiress, Mary Randolph Custis.

The marriage took place here in the drawing-room, the first at the right of the front entrance, on the evening of June 30, 1831, in the presence of a gay and happy throng. Six lieutenants of the United States army acted as groomsmen, and a like number of charming young ladies, as bridesmaids, forming a circle about them. The Reverend Mr. Meade, later bishop of the Episcopal church, read the nuptial service. The bridegroom was not wealthy, but he was young, handsome, and an officer in the army with bright promise before him. He later served with distinction in the Mexican war, and was appointed superintendent of

the academy at West Point in 1852; and other honors came thick and fast. But when the Civil War came on and he was called upon to decide for or against his beloved state, he, after a hard struggle, resigned his commission in the "gallant little army that he had helped to make and adorn from Vera Cruz to Mexico City," and cast his lot with the Confederacy.

On April 20, 1861, after a painful interview with General Scott, he penned the fateful letter and passed through the gates of Arlington never to return: for the future destiny of this grand old estate truly hung upon the thread of that signature. The same day that they bade farewell to this old mansion and went to Richmond to live, he was appointed as commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. In a very brief time, the estate was confiscated by the government and the old mansion became headquarters for the Union army,—the center of a vast military camp. After the first bloody disaster at Bull Run, Major George B. McClellan reorganized, drilled, and disciplined the Army of the Potomac here, and to the close of the war, the estate was in constant use for military purposes. Many of the treasures, given to Mr. Custis by his grandmother, which adorned the mansion when taken by the Federal troops, were removed to different places, but were restored to the descendants after the war; and many of them have been returned to Mount Vernon—among them the bed upon which Washington died, and the firedogs presented by Lafayette.

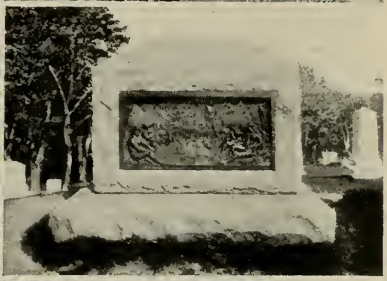
The Lee family consisted of the following named children: George Washington Custis, Mary, William H. Fitzhugh, Annie, who died in '62, Agnes, Robert, and Mildred Lee.

The Letter that Sealed the Destiny of Arlington

Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861.

"General:

"Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been



Arlington Mansion
Officers' Section
Nurses of Spanish-American War
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument
Hall of Fame
Sheridan Monument
General Crook's Monument
Anchor of Maine

presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration; and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

"Save in the defense of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

"Most truly yours,

R. E. Lee."

Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott,
Commanding United States Army.

The Cemetery Laid Out

On May 13, 1864, while casting about for a place to bury the large toll of Union soldiers, Quartermaster-General M. C. Meigs, of the United States army, in company with President Lincoln, laid out this cemetery in order to relieve the one at the Soldiers' Home, which was so overcrowded, and take care of the waiting dead. On this day the first graves were made, and a Confederate soldier, who died in prison, is said to have been the first one lowered to the bosom of mother earth in this quiet, restful place, which is today so far-famed for its countless dead.

On May 30, 1868, Memorial Day was instituted by an order issued by General John A. Logan, the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; and the first ceremony was held at the Arlington mansion in the afternoon of that day. Generals Grant and Hancock with their staffs, and other military notables were present. General James A. Garfield, then member of Congress from Ohio, was

THE BLUE AND THE GREY—CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, SECTION OF UNION SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS

the orator of the hour; and from this beginning has grown the beautiful annual custom of strewing the graves of our heroes with flowers, which now reaches round the globe, and brings to Arlington its countless thousands to pay homage each succeeding year.

Mrs. Lee passed from earth in 1873, at Richmond. Then came the litigation between the heirs and the representatives of the government, who were in possession of this spot, and who based their plea upon "forfeiture for taxes." But the title relied upon was a certificate of sale to the United States for the collection of taxes; but this certificate was impeached on the ground of the refusal of the commissioner to permit the owner to pay the taxes on or before the day of sale other than in person. The heirs lost in the circuit court, but won in the court of appeals; and George Washington Custis Lee, as above stated, according to his grandfather's will became the owner. But dear as the estate may have seemed to him, he found himself confronted by a vast burying-ground, as thousands of soldiers now rested here, and his only hope was to accept the terms of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered him or continue the fight against his "native land" in the courts, and he chose the former. March 31, 1883, marked the surrender of the home of his forefathers to the countless tenants of the tomb.

Two hundred acres were originally enclosed for the cemetery, but it is much larger now. In 1872, the Secretary of War declared all that part of the estate without the gate to be the military reservation of Fort Whipple,—now Fort Myer, and the settlers were paid for the removal of their homes, and for the loss of their crops.

Thus history blends the present with the past in one great panorama of human interest about one of the most beautiful and sacred spots in the annals of America.

Note:—An effort to restore this mansion to what it was when the Lees left it is on foot, but with the precious treasures of those days so widely scattered it will doubtless be many years before its accomplishment.

Section of Overseas Dead Where Some West Virginia Boys Sleep

The Custis Ancestry

THE Custises emigrated from Rotterdam, Holland, in 1640, and settled on the eastern shore of Virginia. This emigrant had a son, John, who was a major-general in Bacon's rebellion. He, through his wife, came into a valuable estate in Northampton county, which he named Arlington in honor of Henry, Earl of Arlington. General Custis' only son, John, was a member of the King's council in Virginia in 1704, and he also left a son, John,—a name which we see was a family heritage to each generation.

This son, which we shall designate as John, the IV, was educated in England, and he married, Frances, the proud daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, a native of Virginia, and lived to regret his choice. Some of his letters which are left on record, suggest that he was a most ardent wooer, as he repeatedly assured this "angel of his affections" that he could not possibly brook life without her. He had been warned of her temper and self-will, but felt confident that to "possess her would be heaven enough for him." But unfortunately the heavenly dream was not realized, and when she fell into an early grave, he seemed to prize his freedom from the entangling alliance so much that when he died he left to perpetuate his memory in epitaph the following lines:

"Under this marble tomb lies the body
of the Hon. John Custis, Esq.,
of the city of Williamsburg,
and parish of Burton.
Formerly of Hungar's Parish, on the Eastern Shore
of Virginia, and County of Northampton.
Aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years, which was
the space of time he kept Bachelor's home at Arlington
on the Eastern Shore of Virginia."

His son was compelled under penalty of disinheritance to execute this inscription on the tomb, but he apologizes on the opposite side, by stating that it was done by positive orders of his father.

The historians of the past insist that the chief claim of Daniel Parke Custis to fame was his marriage to the beautiful Miss Dandridge, the future Mrs. Washington, who was the eldest daughter of Colonel John Dandridge and one of the reigning belles of her day. He was an extensive tobacco planter, and when he died in 1757, he left an estate valued at more than one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Custis was noted for his high sense of honor, and as he neared the "Mystic river" he sent for a tenant to whom in settling an account he still owed a shilling. The tenant assured him that it did not matter, that he had forgotten it, but "I had not," was the reply, as he bade him take the coin. Then he said, "Now my accounts are closed with the world," and shortly after passed from these earthly scenes, little dreaming of the manner in which his name was to be perpetuated and honored.

Tomb of General Meigs, Who Laid Out Cemetery

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